

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

The Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 514.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1826.

PRICE 8d.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Roman Tablets; containing Facts, Anecdotes, and Observations on the Customs, Ceremonies, and Government of Rome.* By M. de Santo-Domingo. Pp. 208. London, 1826. Thomas Flint.

Or this volume, translated from the French, we can hardly tell what to say. It is about as objectionable a book as we ever took up for review; and yet it contains some curious matters, and is the production of a very clever person. That the author was prosecuted in Paris for publishing these *Tablets*, condemned to fine and imprisonment, and the work suppressed, can be no recommendation to the good feelings of English readers; and when we add, that he goes into descriptions altogether unfitting for the eye of decency, we are only mentioning another of the blemishes which render its circulation in this country neither likely nor desirable. Obscenity and profanity disfigure the whole; and the only apology that can be suggested for these gross offences is, that the writer is accustomed to foreign manners and language, far more free than are tolerated in any society with us, and is, in principles, one of the continental illuminati, to whom Catholicism and the Jesuits (we are not sure that we might not add Christianity, and its ministers of every sect) are an abomination. To expose the Roman church, clergy, and government, he does not conceal that he acted the part of a spy and hypocrite; and we are really afraid that we cannot attach implicit confidence to statements which flow from such a source. Still, as we are bound in justice to notice the merits as well as the demerits of publications, there is so much of talent displayed in M. de Santo-Domingo's pages, that we think we may do an acceptable office, if, avoiding his impurities, we select some of his lively details for the entertainment of our friends. We will not say the book is like the most ugly and venomous, which yet wears a precious jewel in its head; but it has some sparkling pieces: it shall be our task to rescue them from the vile dross in which they are set.

The author is at Rome trying to discover all the weak and bad points in the pope, cardinals, jesuits, religion, &c. &c., to illustrate which, and his ironical way of representing things, we subscribe a portion of his visit to the Establishment of the disciples of Loyola—ouching, as it must appear, for nothing which M. de S. D. thinks fit to assert.

"The Jesuits were instituted by Paul III.; the infallible pope Clement XIV. issued a bull, which annulled the decree that gave them birth; and Pius VII. the late infallible pope, by setting aside the bull of the infallible pope Clement XIV., has reinstated the society of the Jesuits in all its rights, privileges, &c. We have seen a number of infallibilities in opposition. So much the better; this renders the mystery more interesting: it is another reason why we should believe in it. *Credo quis ab-*

"To see this phoenix in its nest, to study its manners, was a desire that accompanied me from Paris to Rome. However great my impatience might be to satisfy it, I was obliged to use a number of precautions not to awaken suspicion. The prelate Riario, to whom I had extolled the institution of the Jesuits as one of the most admirable inventions of the human mind, had the goodness to recommend me to the general of the order, and to give me a letter to Father Grassi, secretary of the provincial father, who had the direction of all the Jesuits of Italy." [Could a Jesuit have acted more atrociously? The less guileful Father Grassi receives him as a friend!] "Are you desirous," said he, 'of exploring our convent? it will be a new world for you.' 'You have anticipated my wishes, reverend father.' 'Let us first of all go to the library. Do not imagine that it was bought with our money; it was a legacy of Cardinal —. Here is a Quintus Curtius, with marginal notes by Queen Christina.' 'You have excited my curiosity; let us examine it. What bold observations! How lightly she treats Alexander! In one place she says, 'He has reasoned badly in this circumstance.' In another she puts herself in the place of the hero, and adds, 'I should have done quite the contrary—I should have pardoned.' And further on, 'I should have used clemency.' Queen Christina, continued I to Father Grassi, 'had a fine theory of clemency; but she was not very scrupulous in the practice of it: while writing these notes she had forgotten all the circumstances of the atrocious murder which she caused to be executed in France before her own eyes. She spoke like a lamb, and acted like a tigress; she has written here with a dove's quill, but on the walls of Fontainebleau she has traced characters of blood with a pen of iron.' I then recounted to Father Grassi all the details of the murder of Monaldeschi: although a Jesuit, he appeared to be indignant at the recital." [Really the Jesuit has the best of it, on the author's own shewing, whether as a man of some religious faith, or as a man of honour and a gentleman.] "I took the book, and found in it a very singular description of her Swedish majesty's person. The following is a translation of the notes which I took from it:— 'This princess appears to be about sixty; of very low stature; her body very large, overcharged with fat, and thick-limbed; a masculine visage; sunburnt complexion; blue eyes rolling in vast orbits; thick and light-coloured eye-brows; a large nose; a thick and projecting lower lip; a double chin, on which are scattered long hairs, reposes itself on a bosom on which other hairs appear: all this vegetation is of a different colour from the hair on the crown of her head, which bristles up like the quills of an angry porcupine.' So much for her person. The following is her dress:— 'A broad black riband, tied in a bow, serves as a cravat; a coat, like a man's surcoat, made of black satin, buttoned, and reaching to the knee; over this coat, a wash tied below the waist confines this part of her per-

son, and shews the rotundity of it; a short black petticoat exposes to view a shoe like that of a man, and a foot, the largeness of which does not admit a very favourable judgment of the other charms of this princess.' I think, certainly, that the Laplanders, over whom she reigned, could never have disputed with her the sceptre of ugliness. A number of persons are of opinion that in this frightful body inhabited a still more frightful guest. Although she held harsh and sanguinary measures, yet she highly disapproved of the conduct of her cousin Louis XIV. in sending dragons to Commenes to murder the Protestants: she blamed the manner of preaching of these missionaries, and the system of gaining men's hearts by presenting a stiletto to the breast. Perhaps a little jealous spite might enter into her criticisms. Having renounced the exercise of her divine right, it displeased her to see others make use of it.

"After having examined a few other curiosities of the library, we went through the long corridors, which form immense parallelograms up to the third story of the convent. In this story were the chambers of the monks; each had his name written on his door: *Il padre Candido* was the first that presented itself to my view: what a name for a Jesuit! [or for a traveller!] At present there are but a hundred and seventy-five monks; but in the time of their prosperity this convent contained an army of them. We arrived at last at an elegant gallery ornamented with fresco paintings of good taste. There were paintings on the windows also. 'These are the miraculous events of the life of Saint Ignatius,' said my conductor. In saying these words a metamorphosis had taken place in the voice, eyes, and countenance of the Jesuit: it was a complete transfiguration; he had jugged away his original physiognomy. I perceived that he was desirous of elevating himself to the sublimity of his subject; pretending not to observe it, I requested him to give me an explanation of each picture. He then, with a sentimental tone, related to me how, St. Ignatius having had his leg broken at the siege of Pampluna, St. Peter appeared to him, cured it, and engaged him to fight under his banner. 'You must acknowledge,' I observed, 'that Saint Ignatius would have been very unpolite to have refused St. Peter; if this apostle were to do me the honour to come and set my leg, my arm should be instantly dedicated to his service.' Father Grassi made no reply; but there was disapprobation in his silence. I then pretended to be very much affected: I do not know whether it was the influence of the place, but I was quite surprised to find I had an aptitude for disimulation. He then showed me St. Ignatius writing the statutes of the order, dictated by an angel, and changing his clothes for the tattered garments of a beggar. At length we arrived at the last picture, which represented St. Ignatius playing at billiards. 'This is not one of the greatest of the saint's miracles,' observed Father Grassi. 'A young

man, very expert at this game, and in whose conversion St. Ignatius took a great interest, told him one day, that he would be converted if Loyola could beat him at billiards. Ignatius accepted the conditions, and although he had never before touched either a cue or a ball, he won the game. The young man kept his word, and became a fervent Jesuit. 'This is what may be called performing miracles in play.' Fortunately, father Grassi did not perceive the irony of this observation; if he had, he would not have granted me the distinguished favour of shewing me the chamber where Ignatius di Loyola lived and died. Two altars were erected in this cell. On all sides there were short inscriptions. Above a small chimney-piece was the following:—'It was in this fireplace that St. Ignatius, after having invoked Heaven, burnt a great number of letters, which had been addressed to him by his relations.' A very laconic manner of answering them! A great number of ministers, without being saints, treat their correspondents in the same way. Father Grassi opened a sort of cupboard, that I might admire a statue of St. Ignatius in the same sacerdotal dress which he wore at the time of his death. 'The French,' said he, 'took away the gold lace from the cope.' 'The French! that is impossible, reverend father: they have too great a respect for this saint. It must have been some Jew, a dealer in gold lace, who called himself a Frenchman.' Fortunately they have repaired this defect. The Jesuit informed me that none of the furniture of the room had been changed, and that the door was the same as in the time of St. Ignatius. I was on the point of telling him that the same respect had been paid to Voltaire's room at Paris and at Ferney: but I suddenly recollected myself.

'I was ushered into the drawing-room of the most reverend Luigi Fortis, the eighteenth general of the order. Before the most reverend general came, I had an opportunity of examining the pictures that ornamented the apartment, the furniture of which was very simple. There was a painting of the famous Jesuit Garnet, at the moment when he was going to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for that horrible conspiracy, happily discovered on the 5th of November, 1695, called the *gunpowder-plot*: an angel is encouraging him, and makes a sign that Heaven is open to receive him. Another picture represented the late King of Sardinia, who died six months ago at Rome, at the noviciate convent of the Jesuits: he is on his knees before a praying desk, on which is seen a death's-head, to bring to his mind that he lived no longer for the world, but only for the order in which he aspired to be enrolled. Providence envied him this honour: he drew his last breath before he had terminated his noviciate. This was an unfortunate event for the Jesuits: according to the rules of the order, they inherit the property of each of its members. The King of Sardinia was to have been invested with this title; but he was not at the time of his death. This difficulty would have checked ordinary minds, but the disciples of Molina are fertile in resources; they dressed the defunct as a real professed Jesuit, and said to his family: 'Only the members of our order are buried in this habit: the King of Sardinia then was a member, for he was buried in it; consequently we ought to inherit instead of you.' A law process has been the consequence, and until this is decided, the family have been obliged to give security to the Society of Jesus for the amount of the inheritance. I was going to extend my inspection to the other

pictures; but the door opened. A little old man entered, dressed in a sort of coarse rough serge: it was the general. His countenance was mild, there was a certain meekness in his looks; instead of the pride of command, his whole person appeared to breathe nothing but simplicity and humanity. I wanted to place myself on his left hand, but he made me sit on his right. After a few commonplace expressions of politeness, I began to consider where I might direct my first attack. I attempted a passage to his soul by his eyes; but a large speck on the right pupil obliged me to have recourse to the left, which remained as immovable as a sentinel on an advanced post, and his black gown appeared to envelop his thoughts as completely as it did his body. What was I to do? I was very much embarrassed. In my distress I invoked Escobard, and expressed myself thus: 'Permit me, most reverend father, to be the humble interpreter of the sentiments of all the pious souls which are to be found in France; they were overwhelmed with joy at the news of your restoration.' At these words the general turned his head a little on my side; he directed towards me a visual ray, and from the multiplicity of wrinkles about his eyelids, I guessed it was his intention to smile. This encouraged me, and I continued: 'Under your happy auspices, France at length raises her head shattered by revolutionary tempests: she hopes to rise again to civilisation, which can only exist under the empire of monastic institutions, the most illustrious of which, for its courageous perseverance, is the order of Jesuits,' &c. &c.

Of such stuff, then, is our author made; and set a thief to catch a thief is the highest mark to which his disingenuousness, lying, and dishonourable course can entitle him. We are no lovers of Jesuitism, or of falsehood in any shape; but accusers, with effect, must come into court with clean hands, and not confessedly covered with the duplicity and crimes they denounce, to claim our abhorrence of them in others—only.

Of the profanity of this writer, before going further, we shall give a very short example; and we do so, because we know it carries its antidote with it, and that even scoffers in loose conversation must be disgusted by seeing such expressions in lasting print.

He is describing the drawing of the lottery at Rome.

'A little boy of about twelve years of age advanced toward the balustrade of the exterior gallery of the palace: after having crossed himself with great ceremony, he thrust his hand into a silver box, and drew out a ticket: on a sudden, the trumpets sounded, and I heard number thirteen proclaimed. The same ceremony was repeated for each of the five numbers. The multitude, which were at first so calm, became agitated like the waves of a troubled ocean: thus, as at the Day of Judgment, the small number of *elect* returned thanks to Providence: all the others, who had been *called*, cursed and gnashed their teeth, and had recourse to a thousand culpable schemes of procuring the means of again tempting fortune. The church, notwithstanding, condemns games of chance. Does gaming cease to be a sin, because it is profitable to the church? Perhaps this is a new mystery, which must be respected.'

We now come to a few extracts which will prove that, if this individual had not written to serve a particular purpose, he possessed powers to have produced an extremely interest-

ing work—in spite of an enthusiasm, even on indifferent subjects pushed into affectation.

The celebrated Society of the Arcadians has been pretty generally talked of in England, by Englishmen who have travelled in Italy. M. de S. D. says of it—

'There are nine academies at Rome. That of Arcadians is the most celebrated among them, and is, in the opinion of its members, the first in the world. But when we consider, that it receives into its community persons of the most ordinary education, even the middling classes of tradespeople who understand the measure of cloth much better than the measure of verses; if we examine the nature of the labours of these academicians, who assemble on the great festivals of the church, to recite sonnets of their own making on religious subjects—it will appear, that the academy of Arcadians is a caricature of academies in general. We recollect, in spite of ourselves, that Arcadia was renowned for producing a great number of those four-footed beings for which the god of harmony has the greatest horror. Foreigners of distinction and travellers of all sorts have generally the ridiculous ambition of getting themselves enrolled among the members of this academy. The president, who is called the *custode*, sends them a diploma of *supernumerary Arcadian*; and he takes care to let them know, that the minimum of the retribution is ten sequins, for the support of the establishment. If the candidate shew himself generous at the reception of the first diploma, a second is immediately despatched to him, which declares him a shepherd, a *titulary Arcadian*, at the same time baptizing him with some pastoral name, such as Thyrsis, Lycidas, &c. I was joking one day, in presence of an Englishman, on the foolish pride of foreigners, who sought with eagerness the trivial honour of belonging to this academy; and I calculated what this indirect impost levied upon the vanity of travellers might produce per annum. The Englishman in listening to me sighed heavily.

'What is the matter with you?' said I; 'you appear grieved.' 'Not without reason,' answered he; 'it has cost me twenty guineas to graze in Arcadia.' Perhaps this railleury will be considered misplaced, or inspired by a secret spite at not being invested with the title of member of that illustrious body. This is not the case, for I am myself an academician. The prelate Riario Sforza, master of the chamber of the Holy Father, now a cardinal, expected to give me an agreeable surprise in having me nominated member of this *learned society* without my knowledge. I wished to excuse myself, as being unworthy of the honour. The *custode* answered, *Dignus es intrare in nostrum docto corpore* (you will be an ornament to our body). He maintained with intrepidity that I was profoundly learned: he appeared so sure of the fact, that he would have almost persuaded me, if I had not been convinced of the contrary. I received my diploma, and thinking that I was sufficiently entitled to it by my science and erudition, I dispensed myself from offering the usual fees. The cheese did not fall from the crow's beak; the old fox, with his tail between his legs, has without doubt recanted his opinions. I should have been very curious to have heard him: I am convinced, that he now considers me as the most ignorant shepherd of Arcadia.'

With this we must conclude for the present.



*Tales by the O'Hara Family. Second Series.*  
3 vols. Colburn. London, 1826.

We were not dissatisfied to find that the author of the tales before us had, to adopt his own epigraph, bidden "farewell to the plumed troop and the big wars," quitted history and particular facts, to return to a new series of those fictions to the production of which his talents are better suited. The first series of tales by the O'Hara Family, with their wildness, pathos, and humour, placed their author well on the list of those writers who had suddenly taken up Irish scenery, manners, and superstitions, for the materials of fiction. The historical novel which followed was, with all its painstaking, a comparative failure; and we were therefore pleased to see Mr. Banim come back to his better vein, in the publication before us.

In these volumes there are two stories, the *Nowlans*, occupying the first two, and *Peter of the Castle*, filling the third and last. They are both romances, and paint events which it is possible might occur, but which never can be considered as forming any part of pictures of national manners; and in this respect, we cannot help considering the writer's plan to be very defective. If he intends to display Irish feelings, customs, modes of talking and acting, he must combine them with more probable incidents. No doubt there are atrocities now in Ireland; throats are cut—Captain Rock flourishes—rebels consort in solitude and darkness—abduction is not uncommon—houses are burnt, and their wretched inmates thrown at the point of the pike to perish in the flames—perjury is almost as frequent as the trial of criminals—and the most boastful of all boasting nations, furnishes forth as *new* a catalogue of barbarous offences, from day to day, as ever graced the annals of a civilised people.\* But with all their brutal ignorance, with all their inflamed passions, with all their proneness to secret conspiracies, the Irish people are not such monsters of depravity as the O'Hara Tales paint them. They are men and women, not devils incarnate; and of all productions, those which purport to represent the peculiarities of a country, ought to be most careful not to overstep the modesty of human nature, and teach us to look upon the whole as the work of a too fervid fancy, by exaggerating scenes and characters far beyond the bounds of credibility. Thus Frank, in the *Nowlans*, is a villain so ultra, and some of his associates and their transactions are so out of all keeping, that the mind rejects their agency, and revolts even at their (romance) existence.

Mr. Banim is a laboriously powerful writer. He works his narrative up to the highest pitches of horror, and his genius is tasked for effects which he could produce infinitely better with infinitely less toil. The word simplicity does not seem to belong to his dictionary; and the word nature is too often forgotten for art. He possesses great eloquence, and much imagination; but he is sadly deficient in judgment and taste. There are some passages in the first volume of this work of the coarsest and grossest description, which we will no further indicate than by referring to pages 230, 257, and 261: we are surprised at their passing through the ordeal of the press.† In the same volume there is more than *quant. suff.* of the com-

mon Hibernian declamatory topics,—education, religion, &c.; but the vulgarity of certain passages is the chief error, against the repetition of which we would warn this, in many respects, extremely clever author. We cannot give the worst proofs of this; but we will quote a portion of the heroine's conversation, and ask whether it is like that of a superior farmer's daughter educated in a convent, or a London trull brought up in St. Giles's? She is complaining to his uncle, Mr. Long, of his conduct, and the dialogue runs thus:—

"I came, with him that's lost to us all, to stay a while in your house, sir," resumed Peggy, "and though his attention to me grew more and more, my bias towards him grew less and less. I saw nothing in him or about him that wasn't suspicious; and, for a stronger reason, I was on my guard every time we met." "May I ask that reason, Peggy?" "I am bound to tell you, sir; though it's a shame for any young woman to own it. This was it; while he talked of loving me better than the world, he never spoke, at first, (nor till I reminded him by saying he must ask me of my father) of making me his wife: and worse,—he would have been freer than he ought if I had allowed him. It often rose in my mind to tell my brother John all about it, so that I might escape Mr. Frank's insults; but I was afraid of John's passion, which was always great when roused, and of a quarrel between him and your nephew that wouldn't become his calling." "You say, Peggy, you referred him to your father: it is not unlikely your father would have assented; then you would have been bound to marry him; and how do you reconcile that to your rooted dislike?" "I knew, sir, he never intended to ask me of my father; I knew he didn't love me for his wife; I was quite sure: or, even supposing he had come over the old man, I knew I could get my father to give him the go-by at last."

Enough: but as we have spoken of the overcharged style, we shall also quote one brief instance of that.

"They step lightly, once more, into the cabin. John Nowlan appeared precisely in the same position; but as they again entered, he fixed on them one flaring look, and instantly re-assumed his set gaze on the bier. They spoke. He did not answer. 'It's as I told you,' resumed Will; 'he's mad, and neither hears us, nor heeds the sight before him.' 'Do I not?' cried John, springing up and darting to them, his right hand still plunged into his breast; 'mad I may be—mad I am—but do I not heed nor feel? Look at that!' He tore the hand from under his shirt, and with it a portion of the mangled muscle of his breast. 'Look at that! there's the way I was trying to keep it down.'"

In spite of these blemishes, however, Mr. Banim has evinced very considerable talents. If we once allow that his tales are melo-dramas, and entitled to melo-dramatic license, our praise of his invention, language, situations, persons, plot, and winding up, would go very far. *Aby Nowlan* is a capital, and we dare say original character; the gang of robbers and murderers under Frank, worthy of the stage. John Nowlan, the demi-priest, is also strongly sketched; and Conolly, the rake, is a *vera avis*,—if ever existent, certainly belonging to Ireland alone. To give some idea of the tale, we will quote a few pages; for as we have declared our opinion of its being a melo-drame, our readers will hardly look for a detail of it. First, the menage of *Aby*, that compound of good nature, idleness, and low debauchery,

"John proceeded to fill himself some tea, out of a tea-pot, once, and very recently too, of a good kind of English china, but that now had a wooden lid, and only half a snout; and he poured it into a saucer which was no match to his cup, and added to it some rich but dabbled cream, found in an ewer, the remnant of a suit differing from every other article of tea-equipage on the table, as each individual article differed from the other. He required some water for his tea-pot, and discovered it in a tin saucepan, covered down with a wooden platter, by the hearth, 'for the copper kettle wanted a bottom, and the tin kettle a handle this half-year;' his eye rested on the table-cloth; it was full of holes and rents, though not of an old texture; stained and creased, and yellow, out of the last wash. His tea tasted weak, after the dilution of greasy water, but the remedy was at hand, in a saucerful of black-and-green, lying on the mantel-piece; more than a pound of dirty butter was scattered on scraps of small plates over the table; more than four pounds of bread, served on nothing at all; a silver spoon was left to boil away in an egg-saucepan, on the fire; while a leaden one (the pig having eaten more than half a dozen of the silver set in her mess, from time to time,) served for his cup; and, to finish the pleasing display, five or six cups and saucers, or (in the same service) bowls and plates, together with as many dinner plates and dishes, knives and forks, were huddled together at the far end of the table, all still at variance in size, shape, or pattern, and all shewing slops, or half-picked bones and eggshells, that told what a breakfast had been despatched, partly by their agency, at an earlier hour than morning. John looked around him. The parlour was of a good size and shape, but, though begun twenty years ago, had never been finished. The walls, smoothly prepared for painting or papering, remained bare; the surbases and door-frames were just as the carpenter had nailed them up, except that the deal had turned brownish from time and smoke; the furniture, once of a good, substantial, and not inelegant fashion, was covered with dust; some of the chairs wanting a leg, some a back, some a bottom: yet none thus reduced from regular service, but rather from hard usage, in the kitchen, or up stairs, or when 'the company' knocked them about, or played 'leap-frog' over them of an evening; or when the dogs scratched the hair out of them; or 'Mrs. Nowlan's' pet raven picked it out;—and ever since, although every day promising to send them to be mended, or to send for some one to mend them, 'the master' had let them stand, or totter rather, as they were, with abundance of means, and facilities too, to attend to their reduced condition. And then the carpet, of an expensive description, had not been nailed down, and was always crumpled at the door, so that every one that went in or out should stoop, with a curse, to arrange it; and the holes scraped in it by the dogs, or by the hobnails of many brogues, ran riot for want of a darn, and the dust came up through it for want of a shaking. In a word—all was expensive waste, indolent wreck, and miserable mismanagement."

The death of this hero, by a curious literary coincidence, very strikingly resembles that of the laird's father's, quoted in our last *Gazette*, from Mr. Galt's novel. They both die over their tumbler, quietly at table, without discomposing their company, which, after this, must be considered to be carrying politeness and good breeding to the last point. When John Nowlan is wrestling with passion for a worthless

\* A friend of ours, noticing the examples of demoniac guilt with which the Irish journals too constantly teem, observed it was rather national that the worst of them generally appeared in the *Kilkenny Moderator*.

† Page 60, vol. II. is also very vulgar.

cousin of his, the following notice supplies a genuine bit of Irish manners.

"One morning that 'a station' of confession was appointed to be held in his father's house, he sought, in avoidance of it, at an earlier hour than usual, one of his lonely haunts. He could not stand before the brow of his old guide, who was to preside on the occasion. In the country parts of Ireland, where chapels are far asunder, and the peasantry negligent of religious duties, it is the custom for the priest to name certain houses in his parish, to which he alternately repairs to hear the confessions of those in the immediate neighbourhood; thus making up for the want of more chapels, and at the same time leaving no excuse to the slumbering zeal of his sometimes refractory flock; and the meetings growing out of such arrangements are called 'stations.' As John sat in his solitary hiding-place, he heard the people troop by him from different paths, to comply with the summons of their pastor to meet him in Daniel Nowlan's house. Young and old, of each sex, passed him unseen; men so aged as to be scarce able to creep along; children, who, as they spoke of the duty they were about to discharge, lisped their comments to each other. Had he been a murderer skulking from justice, and these the officers of justice looking for him, and speaking of him as they went by, he could not feel more disturbed; his self-respect could not be more shaken, his spirit more crouching. At last, all had repaired to the house, and a dead silence surrounded him. Little relieved, he sat motionless; yet, in the pause, his soul filled with riotous thoughts. A light step approached him. He raised his head, and saw Maggy Nowlan."

The annexed, however introduced, are also tolerable examples of the author. A missionary, of the name of Stokes, is doing his pious duty at the house of Adams, an Irish magistrate, drawn like all his brother magistrates by Mr. Banim in an unfavourable light, while all his friars, priests, &c. are, on the contrary, at least half angels.

"Pardon me, Mr. Stokes; even the esteemed plan of supplying to the Irish translations of the Bible in their own language, is one hundred and forty years old. In my Lord Spencer's rare and valuable library, I have seen, while in England, a quarto edition of the Holy Bible, translated under the care of Bedel, Bishop of Kilmore, 'for the public good of the Irish nation,' in 1685; also, a pocket edition reprint of the quarto, five years after, that is, in 1690: so, sir, I am at liberty to call upon the past as well as the future for an answer to my question, which still is,—what good has been done? Since 1685 to this day, how many converts have been made by Bible distribution among the Irish? Are there now less Catholics in the country than there were then? Do we not all know there are, even proportionately to the increase of population, a great many more? And if, after an attempt of a century and a half, Protestantism has diminished instead of extending, and if you still go on for another century and a half with only the same success, what may we not end in at last? — to my soul," roared the magistrate, still slapping the table, "there's reason in that, after all, Mr. Stokes; so stop in time, say I, before the woodcock is stroked down into a wran." "Before what, good sir?" asked Mr. Stokes. "Why, I'll tell you, sir; it's a little thing that happened to myself. Tom and I were out after the woodcocks one day, from morning till night, but devil a one we could get a shot at; and home we were coming, down in the

mouth, as you may suppose, at our bad sport, and only a single poor jack-snipe in the bag; when, at a turn o' the road to Mr. Long's house, we met a country fellow with as fine a bird in his hands as ever you clapt an eye on. So we stopped and asked him where he was going with it; to Mr. Long's, to be sure, he answered. I tipt a wink to Tom, and bid the man let me handle it; he gave it to me, and—'a fine bird, a noble bird,' says I, stroking it down in this manner. 'What's that?' cries Tom, pointing to nothing at all. The fellow turned away his head; I slipt it into my bag, pulled out the jack, laid it on one hand, and began stroking it just as I stroked the cock. When he looked at me again, I saw him staring as if the horned devil was before him; and 'a noble bird,' still says I, till at last he snapt it from me, singing out, 'Tundher-an-ouns, sir, give it to us, or you'll be afther stroking it into a wran at last, so you will.'"

"But, sir," resumed Mr. Stokes, "you kept the precious gift; you —" "I'll just tell your reverence a little story about that. There was a poor ould little Frenchman, a-hiding from the troublesome times in his country, came to live near me, in the house of a thrifty couple, who took into their heads that all Frenchmen occasionally lived upon garden snails, were particularly fond of the dish, and would purchase it at any money. So, thinking to turn a good penny, the wife asked him, one day, what he thought of having a mess of snails for dinner, adding, that they were very scarce and dear, but she would do her best. The poor foreigner felt much insulted; but seeing it was not meant, and sprang purely from ignorance and selfishness, planned his revenge. 'Yes, you will go,' he said, 'and get me all de snail in de world; one, two, six horse loads, and I will pay you one, two, six guineas.' The man and his wife left their lawful work, went roaming about the country with their children, gathering all the snails in all the neighbours' gardens; hired horses and kishes, loaded and filled them, and returned in a few days to the Frenchman, and claimed their reward. 'Ve vill see,' cried Monsieur, 've vill see. Stop—what is dis? Mon Dieu! de snail vid de horn! bah! I vant all de snail vidout de horn, as I have in France, and here you bring me de snail vid de horn! Let dem all go—let dem run—de snail vid de horn vill never do.' And after this anecdote, Friar Shanaghan left the parlour."

These extracts must suffice for the first of the O'Hara Tales; and we do not feel inclined to enter upon the complex story of Peter of the Castle, where the author is equally strong and equally extravagant as in the Nowlans. He speaks of Spanish America as a colony; and elsewhere puzzles us to understand what a particular season really is in Ireland, by an account of it, twenty-two pages long, and ending thus:—

"In a word, Shrovetide, in Ireland, is a time of unusual stir, bustle, and earnestness; a time of general consciousness and common sensations; a time when the thoughts and hearts, male and female, of a whole community, labour and throb with *but one notion*, and however it may be diversified, *one feeling*; a time of sighing and speech-making, of capering, of kissing, of piping, fiddling, and singing; of present happiness, at least, (we have nothing to do with the future,) to almost every one; and big with interest and importance to the kingdom at large, although with philanthropic dismay and regret to Mr. Malhus, and his disciples and students in political economy."

This is, indeed, a wonderful time. But we will allow Mr. B. in conclusion the best quotation we can find in his work,—parts of the description of an Irish wedding.

"Dinner, or supper, or whatever it may properly be called, went on. Legs and shoulders of mutton, geese and turkeys, hams and fowls, disappeared in a trice, as if they had never been. And amid all this hurry of supplying and consuming, great was the din of dishes and plates, knives and forks, glasses, jugs, tumblers, and even wooden 'nogginns,' of mastication and swallowing hearty draughts, and smacking lips after them; of asking and assenting; of gabbling aside and across to each other, in quick jest and repartee, suggested by some feature or circumstance of the occasion; while now and then, a young fellow, whose very heart was in the business, and whose veins swelled too high with present and anticipated pleasure, or some old queer-wigged sire, who, unused to liquor during dinner, had hobnobbed too freely, owned the influence of the joyous uproar, (or, perhaps deemed it a warrant for the freedom) by emitting, in a short interval of eating or drinking, an expressive 'whoo!'—which, echoing to the beggars in the yard, was caught up, and duly acknowledged.

"We must hasten to announce the end of the feast. All claimants had been silenced, the table cleared, a fresh supply of wine and punch placed on it, still no bridegroom was forthcoming; Mr. Fenelly stood up to pronounce a grace; it was over; every eye turned on the bride, or to the door; a silence only slightly broken by sly whispers and smothered titters ensued; footsteps sounded in the yard; an Amazonian wench entered with a cake, almost twice as great as a Cheshire cheese, and placed it in the soggarth's right hand. The two clergymen, with features in which solemnity and good hopes, as well as good-humour, struggled hard, began to cut and delve it very mechanically. The bride looked down upon her lap, and the paleness that comes from a sense of a rapidly approaching crisis, spread over her cheeks. Other steps sounded near the door, and blushes, quick and bright, chased that paleness away. Two young men entered; and the subdued cheer of welcome, and the jest and jibe that instantly broke the silence, proclaimed the bridegroom and his bridesman. Their absence, until this moment, was all according to *bien-séance*. In Ireland, upon the day of her marriage, a country bride is supposed to know nothing of what is going to happen; crowds of young women, and old ones too, are collected to hold her sacred from premature contact with her destined husband; he, like a great onf, reverences the etiquette too, keeping far away under the *surveillance* of his 'young man'; and just at the nick of time he happens to come in, as we see in the present instance, quite unconscious, as it were, and with his 'God save all here!' as his jeering friends call it. And the whole of this is 'decency' and 'manners.'"

The marriage proceeds:—"There was some unnecessary delay, towards the middle of the ceremony, on account of Ristharde's repeatedly mistaking the pocket in which he thought he had put up the ring; but, 'as all his pockets were very new, and by coarse, very strange to him,' (his own explanation,) 'it was no great wonder that he didn't know their inn-an-outs, pat, at the first going off.' In a few minutes, however, the knot was tied fast enough; and then, to conclude the whole, the new husband and wife, their friends, and all in



the barn, knelt down at the priest's instance, to join him in a devout prayer for a blessing on the marriage. The first movement of the old clergyman to rise, was the signal for a scene of extraordinary and uproarious vivacity. At a rustic wedding in Ireland, it is a great point of chuckling ambition among the young fellows assembled, to try, not only who shall snatch the first congratulatory kiss from the new-made wife, after her lord has saluted her, but, if possible, who shall be beforehand with his very self, in that pleasant ceremonial. Accordingly, even while the whole company knelt to join in the priest's last prayer, Mr. Pratt, prepared for the coming event, noticed the anticipating glances of many a lad, turned sideways, towards the middle of the floor, and the anticipating movements too of disposing the limbs into good order for a couching spring; while Ristharde, on his part, returned the reconnoitring regards of his friends, and was seen to shuffle, very cautiously, on his knees, still closer to his bride."

He foils the most active, and he, one Jim Burne, "was therefore obliged to content himself with kissing the bride the first of all his companions, who scrambled, in groups, to enjoy the honour at second, third, and twentieth rate; and Kitty still had to undergo the farewell and weeping salutes of her parents, brothers, and young and old friends, before she could again sit at the nuptial board. And now began the gathering in of the soggarth's crop. Now the bride-cake went round; each piece taken up being replaced by an offering, according to the circumstances of the consumer, while the 'God bless you, God bless you!' of Mr. Fenelly and his condjutor escaped often and zealously. Still, 'by course of manners,' Ristharde remained separated from his bride, though one would think he had at last earned the right of sitting closely by her side."

An uproarious dance follows: but we have done. A great many odd words (such as vanithee, soggarth, bouchal, &c.) occur in these volumes, from which we gather that the Irish dialect is an odd mixture of English and Irish: but the author is also answerable for many expressions which properly belong to neither language; "agreeableness" is "not to be faulted," may serve as proof. To conclude, displaying very great but very irregular abilities, these tales, while they offend the taste, will be apt to interest the feelings, of many readers; and only deserve the censures we have bestowed upon them because writings of this class are now referred to a high standard of literature, and because Mr. Banim is truly a man of talent and genius.

#### The Friendship's Offering. Relfe.

AGREEABLY to the promise in our last, we now present our readers with a selection from the poetry in this handsome volume, which, to avoid preference in the order of march, we take as the specimens follow each other in the *Offering*; though it would hardly be thought unfair if we began upon the ground of excellence with that which begins the work.

"The Spirit and the Angel of Death. By L. E. L."

"Spirit. I have been over the joyous earth,  
When the blushing morning gave daylight birth:  
The boughs and the grass were sown with pearls;  
As an Eastern queen had unbound her curls,  
And shower'd their treasures o'er leaf and flower;  
And then I saw how the noontide hour  
Kiss'd them away, as if the sun  
Touch'd all with joy that it shone upon.  
I saw a crimson rose, like an urn  
Wherein a thousand odours burn;  
It grew in the shade, but the place was bright  
With the glory and glow of its fragrant light.

Then a young lover came beside its dwelling,  
To a maiden his gentle love-tale telling;  
He pluck'd a rose from out of the shade,—  
'Twas not bright as the cheek on which it was laid:  
The tale was told in the sunny noon,  
Yet the same was heard by the rising moon.  
I have been where the azure violet dwells;  
I have sang the sweet peal of the lily bells;  
I have past on a diamond lake,  
Where white swans summer pleasure take;  
I saw the sun sink down in the sea,—  
Blushes and bridal seem'd there to be.  
Next, over a noble city I swept,—  
Calm, in the moonlight, its proud towers slept,  
And its stately columns arose on the air  
As cut from snow mountains—they were so fair.  
Enter'd I next a stately hall:  
The young and the gay were at festival:  
The cheek of rose flush'd a redder dye;  
Flash'd the wild light from the full dark eye:  
Laugh'd the sweet lip with a sunny glance,  
As the beauty went through the graceful dance.  
And I saw the rich wine from the goblet spring,  
Like the sudden flash of a spirit's wing.  
Thence I went in the twilight dim,  
I heard a convent's vesper hymn:  
Beautiful were the vestal train  
That dwelt at peace in their holy fane.  
Paused I in air, to hear a song  
Which rather might to heaven belong:  
The very winds for delight were mute,—  
And I know 'twas the poet's gifted lute.  
Then came a sound of the trumpet afar,—  
The nations were gathering together in war,  
Like a cloud in the sunset; the banner was spread;  
Victory had dyed it of meteor red:  
Floating scarfs shew'd their broider'd fold,  
While foam dash'd the brides of gold:  
Gallant it was the sight to see  
Of the young and noble chivalrie.  
In sooth, this earth is a lovely place;  
Pass not in darkness over her face;  
Yet call back thy words of doom—  
They are too gay and too fair for the tomb.

Angel of Death. Thou hast seen on earth, as a  
passer by,  
But the outward show of mortality:  
Go, let the veil from thine eyes depart;  
Search the secrets of every heart:  
Look beyond what they seem to be;  
Then come and say, are they not ripe for me.

Spirit. I have been over the green earth again;  
I have heard the voice of sorrow and pain;  
I saw a shining almond-tree fling  
Its silver wreath, like a gift, to Spring:  
A cold breath came from the northern air;  
The leaves were scatter'd the boughs were bare.  
I saw a ship launch'd on the sea,—  
Queen of the waters she seem'd to be;  
An hundred voices benison gave,  
As she cut her path through the frothing wave.  
'Twas midnight—she anchor'd before a town,  
Over which the sun had gone lingering down,  
As loath to set over what was so fair.  
Now the mellow moon rode on the air,  
Over towers and turrets, sailing in light,  
And gardens, that seem'd to rejoice in night;  
When the pealing thunder roll'd on the main,  
And the town was awaked by the fairy rain,  
And the cry of battle, for blood and flame  
Follow'd wherever that war-ship came.  
I heard, on the night-wind borne along,  
Sweet as before, that gifted song.  
But look'd I now on the minstrel's thought—  
There many an inward sorrow wrought,  
Work of wasting; pining for fame,  
Yet loathing the gift of an empty name;  
Hope, whose promise was little worth,  
And Genius, tainted with cares of earth.  
I have watch'd the young, there are thorns with their  
bloom;  
The gay, but their inward heart was gloom;  
I have seen the snake steal amid flowers;  
Showers that came down on April hours;  
And have seen—alas! 'tis but outward show—  
The sunshine of yon green earth below:  
Glad of rest must the wretched and way-worn be—  
Angel of Death, they are ready for thee!"

There is a very poetical composition, entitled *Floranthe*, by Mr. Hervey; but as ladies claim a preference from all manly critics, we pass it for

"The Broken Gold. By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson.

"I look upon this *BROKEN GOLD*—  
And memory traces o'er each scene  
Of happier hours and days of old,  
When life and love were green:—  
Joys that danced o'er my light heart then,  
Such as can ne'er be mine again!  
I look upon this *BROKEN GOLD*—  
'Twas sever'd in love's trusting hour,  
Ere the young pulse of hope grew cold,  
Or the world's storms had power  
To make the spirit's gladsome wing  
A drooping and a blighted thing!"

I look upon this *BROKEN GOLD*,  
When from the busy crowd I steal;  
I would not scoffers should be told  
All I have felt—and all I feel;  
Nor mark how throbs this burning brow  
With thoughts—that should be banish'd now!

I look upon this *BROKEN GOLD*,  
Remembrancer of years gone by—  
The hand pledged with it now is cold;  
The heart, too, long has ceased to sigh;  
And of love's early-riven chain,  
I (sever'd link) alone remain!

I look upon this *BROKEN GOLD*—  
Alas! It glads these eyes no more;  
As sinking mariners behold  
Some beacon light the distant shore,  
Too late to save—it shews to me  
The wreck that life must henceforth be!

I look upon this *BROKEN GOLD*—  
What lesson does it teach me now?  
It says, that years have o'er me roll'd,  
That time in shadow wraps my brow;  
And whispers—'tis as wrong as vain  
To sigh for youth's bright charms again!"

The following requires no comment:—

"Last Rites. By Mrs. Hemans.

"By the mighty Minister's bell,  
Tolling with a sullen swell;  
By the colours half-mast high,  
O'er the sea hung mournfully  
Know, a Prince hath died!

By the drum's dull muffled sound,  
By the arms that sweep the ground,  
By the volleying musket's tone,  
Speak ye of a soldier gone  
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills,  
Reverently, the ancient hills,  
Learn that, from his harvests done,  
Peasants bear a brother on  
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white,  
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright;  
By the garland on the bier—  
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear—  
Broken is the rose.

Which is tenderest rite of all?  
Buried virgin's coronal—  
Requiem o'er the monarch's head—  
Farwell gun for warrior dead—  
Herdsman's funeral hymn?

Tells not each of human woe?  
Each of hope and strength brought low?  
Number each with holy things,  
If one chastening thought it brings,  
Ere life's day grow dim?"

What is Life? by Henry Neale, is also tenderly fanciful, and we quote it.

"Tell me, what is Life, I pray?—

'Tis a changing April day,  
Now dull as March, now blithe as May;  
A little cloud, a little light,  
Nought certain but th' approach of night;  
At morn and evening dew appears,  
And Life begins and ends with tears.

Yet, what is Life, I pray thee tell?—  
'Tis a varied-sounding bell,  
Now a triumph, now a knell;  
At first it rings of hope and pleasure,  
Then sorrow mingles in the measure;  
And then a stern and solemn toll,  
The requiem of a parted soul.

Yet tell, I prithee, what is Life?—  
'Tis a tale with wonder rife,  
Full of danger, full of strife;  
A tale that first enchants the ear,  
Then fills our souls with doubt and fear;  
At last with grief bows down our heads,  
And sends us weeping to our beds.

Yet, what is Life?—That insect rain,  
Lured, from the heaven it might attain,  
To wed the glow-worm on the plain;  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, at distance seen,  
Shine brilliant as the glow-worm's sheen;  
Life weds these seeming glorious forms,  
And finds them blind and grovelling worms.

Yet, what is Life, again declare?—  
Oh! 'tis an arch of promise fair,  
Built, like the rainbow, in the air;  
Many a hue, but none that last,  
Many a ray, but each soon past—  
Form'd of things that soon must sever,  
Swiftly gone—and gone for ever.

Still, what is Life?—A taper's light,  
That feebly glimmers through the night,  
And soon is quench'd in darkness quiet;  
Each wind that spreads its flame, but hastes it—  
Each touch that trims its splendour, wastes it;  
And brighter as its lustre plays,  
Sooner its fragile frame decays."

By way of balance, we now give an Anacronic, by Mr. Gent.

"The wisest men are fools in wine,  
Experience makes us think;  
Its magic spells are so divine,  
We reason—yet we drink!  
Say, does not love and loving wine  
Inspire the weary soul?  
The dullest fellows seem to shine,  
Reflected in the bowl!  
Oh! as the charmed glass we sip,  
We conquer care and pain;  
It wots, like woman's dewy lip,  
To kiss—and come again!"

We would insert a sweet Ballad by Mr. Hood (p. 215), had we not had so much of that writer's clever productions in recent Nos.: we pass, therefore, to the Contadina, a beautiful poem by Mr. Croly, written to Davis's beautiful picture of an Italian Peasant Girl dictating a love-letter to one of the ancient Scribes who ply their profession in Rome.

"Come, thou old, unloving scribe,  
Thou shalt have a noble bribe:  
Choose it—metal, coin, or gem,  
Topaz ring, or coral stem;  
Take thy pen and tell my love,  
How, to earth and heaven above,  
How, to every sainted maid,  
I have watch'd, and wept, and pray'd,  
O'er him, with his wings to stoop,  
Where he steers his bold chaloupe;  
O'er him, in the sultry night,  
When the storm is in his might;  
O'er him, in the fearful day,  
When the lance and sabre play,  
And the soldier's hour is knoll'd,  
Stretch'd upon the sanguine mould;  
Him on surge, or him on steed,  
Still to spare, and still to speed!  
Listen now!—'Tis vain, 'tis vain;  
What can read the burning brain?  
What can tell the thousandth part  
Of the agonies of heart,  
Secrets that the spirit keeps,  
Thoughts on which it wakes and weeps;  
To the mortal ear unknown,  
Kept for night and heaven alone!"

Old man, tell him of the tale  
Written in this cheek so pale;  
Wild and often has the tear  
Wash'd the rose that once was there.  
Tell him of my heavy sigh,  
Deep as from the lips that die;  
Of my eyes' decaying beam;  
Life departing like a stream,  
Tell him of my weary day,  
Bid him, Oh! do all but stay:  
If he would not see my tomb,  
Bid him come, and—swiftly come!"

A Serenade, by Mr. J. Bird, claims also a place among these selections.

"Love, art thou waking or sleeping?—  
Shadows with morning should flee:—  
Love, art thou smiling or weeping?—  
Open thy lattice to me!—  
Sun-light o'er sorrow beguiling,  
Youth should be fearless and free:—  
Oh! when all nature is smiling,  
Wilt thou not smile upon me?  
Think on our last blissful meeting,—  
Sunshine dissolving in tears;  
Oh! when love's pulses are beating,  
Moments are precious as years!  
Think on the hope that, soft-willing,  
Lured me unbidden to thee:—  
Oh! when all nature is smiling,  
Wilt thou not smile upon me?  
Roses, thy temples once wreathing,  
Now on my bosom lie dead;—  
In their pale beauty still breathing  
Fragrance of hours that have fled!  
Thus through my heart, sweetly thrilling,  
Memory whispers to me,  
Oh! when all nature is smiling,  
Ella will smile upon thee!"

With this we should conclude, but that, in honour to the finishing Editor, the author of "Abassah," we are bound to copy one of the eight or nine pieces which he has contributed to adorn the volume.

"Answer to the Remark, 'I don't like Love made in that manner.'"

"When on man's heart, as poets say,  
The kindling beam of beauty broke,  
At once, before the inspiring ray,  
To life and light young Love awoke."

A humble suppliant, framed of earth,  
His form at Beauty's feet he hung  
True to the flame that gave him birth  
His soul upon her glances hung.

At first this pleased;—the lady reckon'd  
He might be useful in some case;  
To choose a riband—sing a second—  
Or sit in judgment upon laces.

Then he might learn—most people can—  
To throw a shawl, or hand a chair,  
Or walk quadrilles, or flirt a fan,  
Or talk—when no one else was there.

What pity Love should ever balk  
A scheme so feasible and wise!  
He could not dance, nor sing, nor talk,  
His breath was lost in burning sighs.

Soon tired of these, with looks askance,  
Her mute adorer Beauty eyed;  
And Love, beneath that freezing glance,  
Caught cold and ague—coughed—and died.

The lady did not shed a tear,  
One burning glance would kindle tinder:  
She tried—and failed—and, coming near,  
She could not find a single cinder.

Firm, changeless, bright in Beauty's smile,  
As diamonds in the solar ray,  
Pent in the burning crucible awhile,  
That heat had pass'd like them away!

Now vainly, for her lover dead,  
Comes sorrowing Beauty's turn for sighing:  
In vain!—the soul of passion fled,  
Comes not again!—'tis no use crying.

This is the tale—and this the moral—  
Though you'll not mind it, I'm afraid;  
Beauty with Love should never quarrel,  
But take it—just as it is made.

Having copied so much from the *Friendship's Offering*, as well as from the *Forget Me Not*, the *Amulet*, and the *Souvenir*, we need scarcely add an opinion that the popularity of these elegant Annuals, so finely adorned by art, and so charmingly graced by literature, is most justly merited.

*The Story of a Wanderer, founded on Recollections of Incidents in Russian and Cossack Scenes.* London, 1826. C. Knight.

THIS is an amusing volume; its tales what they profess to be, illustrations of manners, &c. and the country and customs they depict little known to Europeans. It is so much the fashion of the present day for writers to be mysteriously miserable, that we suppose we must allow the one before us the privilege of his compeers, and proceed to our part of quotation. The following account of the Zaparogian Cossacks is very curious.

"They were derived from the Malo-Russian Cossacks, or Cossacks of the Ukraine, who had long been in the habit of keeping a movable camp on the banks of the Dnieper, to guard their frontiers from the incursions of their troublesome and warlike neighbours. For that service of danger, young unmarried men were always chosen; who, being free from every domestic tie and encumbrance, were therefore supposed to be best adapted for so active and perilous a life. And this supposition was but too well founded. The licentious freedom of the camp accorded entirely with their bold habits and untutored passions; the constant presence of danger roused all their energies, and kept their minds in active play; and, in short, in that school of unrestrained daring, they soon learned altogether to despise the peaceful occupations of the husbandman. The idea of laying aside their arms and resuming the peasant dress, of quitting their fearless habits for the dull security of domestic life, became insupportable to them. They looked with dread to the change which would curb their roving spirit, and bind them down to the drudgery of daily labour. In disgust or contempt of such a change, they longed to free themselves from the restraint they could now no more endure; and there were not wanting

among them fiery spirits to urge them to it, by persuading them that their interest, equally with their inclination, pointed towards independence. The spirit of discontent, inflamed by such sentiments, soon blazed out in open violence. Subjection to the laws of their country, and reverence for their parents, were duties which these young Cossacks then totally disregarded. They threw from them all restraint, and, breaking into avowed revolt, proclaimed their determination to free themselves by the sword from any dependence on their native land. Inured to arms, and delighting in danger, they were but too capable of maintaining by force their bold pretensions, and of repelling the unwilling efforts of their countrymen to oblige them to return to obedience and submission. The result of a contest in which the parties opposed to each other were so unequally matched, and who were actuated by such different motives, could not be doubtful; and after a short struggle it terminated in favour of the Zaparogians, which was the name these Cossacks then assumed. Emboldened by their first success, they speedily formed new plans for aggrandisement; and, no longer satisfied with being merely liberated from the yoke of subjection, they began to contrive schemes for future conquest, and calculate their means of carrying them into effect. The slightest consideration demonstrated that their limited numbers would be totally inadequate to accomplish any great enterprise; and they had no hope of being able to augment their strength by any ordinary means. To surmount the impediment which this difficulty opposed to their ambitious prospects, they adopted a method at once novel and extraordinary—a method without a single parallel in modern times. Having fortified their camp on the Falls of the Dnieper, they opened it, in imitation of ancient Rome, as an asylum for all who sought its protection. They decreed that all men should be received there without inquiry or hesitation, and enjoy immediately every established right and privilege, without distinction of country, or language, or religion. So singular an institution could not fail of being speedily noted. In a short time it became the resort of the unhappy and unfortunate, of the worthless and abandoned, of the exiled and outlawed, from every part of Europe. Not unfrequently, however, amidst the mass of daring vice which was thus accumulated in the Cossack Setchka, some great and noble spirit might be found seeking there a refuge from the injustice of the world, or sternly combating with its oppression. And not unfrequently some exiled leader of political intrigues here hid his disappointment, or sought the Setchka as a convenient focus for new cabals. Here, too, grief and misery sent many wanderers to deaden the pang of anguish, or stifle the groans of remorse, in the tumult of a boisterous life. It was a society composed of heterogeneous and discordant principles, which, to make them unite and blend, required the severest enactments and the most impartial distribution of the laws. Their decrees were traced by the hand of terror; but as all strangers on associating themselves with these Cossacks were made perfectly acquainted with the nature of their institutions, and as every violation of their ordinances was, in all cases, instantly followed by the appointed punishment, to which there could be no mitigation, and from which there was no appeal, the tranquillity of the Setchka was but rarely disturbed by any violent breach of discipline or obedience. Indeed, the interest of all was equally concerned to main-



tain the strictest observance of laws and institutions of which each man had an equal chance of becoming, in turn, the chief administrator. This duty was vested in the office of hetman; an office comprising both the principal military and civil authority in the state. It did not, however, confer on him the power of enacting laws, but only of enforcing their execution. Laws were enacted by general assemblies of the whole body of Zaporogian Cossacks, whilst the execution of them rested solely with the hetman. To prevent so great an authority from passing the bounds prescribed to it by the spirit of freedom and equality which dictated all their proceedings, and to debar it from the means of ever rendering itself permanent or oppressive, it was necessary to limit its duration to the short period of a year. At the expiration of that time the hetman returned to his original station of simple Cossack, and another was elected in his stead. The certainty of so soon returning to his humble rank, to mingle on equal terms with the men he had but lately governed, proved a strong check upon the imprudence or ambition of each individual hetman, and made him careful to exercise his power with discretion. There was one very remarkable custom attending the situation of hetman. Though vested with so much authority, it was only whilst engaged in the duties of his office that any external marks of peculiar respect or distinction were paid him. On such occasions the Cossacks stood around him bare-headed, respectfully observant of his words and actions; but as soon as his duties were ended these signs of distinction ceased, and he then mingled indiscriminately with his comrades until again called upon to exercise the functions of his office. Whenever any military enterprise was undertaken, the hetman assumed the chief command. This, indeed, was a part of his duty from which he was but rarely freed; for these turbulent Cossacks were almost constantly in a state of warfare with their neighbours. The avowed objects of their union were war and plunder. To insure success to these objects all their institutions were directed, and these also were the chief links which held their extraordinary society together. As they did not cultivate the land, deeming the labours of the field a degradation to their military character, they were in fact compelled to plunder for subsistence; added to which, they esteemed it a glory to maintain their independence, and increase their strength, in defiance of the efforts of the neighbouring countries to prevent it. War, therefore, became their only occupation, and plunder was their reward. Another strong incentive urged them to constant hostility with the surrounding people, besides those already enumerated. It was the desire to possess themselves of women and children. Though the Setchka had become the refuge of desperate and daring characters from every part of Europe, their numbers did not increase quick enough to keep pace with the growing ambition of the Cossacks. This was an evil they thought could be remedied only by stealing the children of their hostile neighbours, and incorporating them in the Cossack body; which base expedient was no sooner proposed than unanimously adopted. It might naturally be supposed that the children obtained by such means would make unwilling proselytes; but such was not really the case. They generally soon familiarised themselves to their new course of life; and in too many instances, it seemed as if a little excitement from the glitter of arms or the tumult of war was sufficient to obliterate all the best

affections of the heart. I have seen some of these boys, who were brought timid and weeping to the Setchka, become so deadened to every good feeling by a few weeks' familiarity with the license and daring manners of their new comrades, as to become willing companions on a marauding expedition even to their native village. With respect to their religious opinions, the original body of Zaporogian Cossacks professed themselves of the Greek church; but they tolerated every religious persuasion, and never interfered with the creed or opinions of their adopted members. Some of the particulars already detailed doubtless appear to you rather extraordinary, but the most remarkable feature of their institutions still remains to be enumerated. I allude to the custom of not allowing any women to reside in the Setchka. This singular custom arose from the peculiar circumstances of their original institution. Chosen, in the first instance, from among their comrades to form the detachment at the Falls, principally because they were free from every domestic incumbrance, and therefore better adapted for the fearless roving occupation to which they were destined, they learned, in the license of the camp, to consider wives and children as a restraint little suited to the life of a soldier. When, therefore, they achieved their independence, and established themselves as a separate body, considering that domestic cares were incompatible with freedom of action, they resolved still to maintain their original character, and continue, as far as might be, a society of bachelors. But as it was probable that some married men might, in the course of events, be associated with them, it was enacted that no woman should, under any circumstances, be suffered to reside in the Setchka; and a distant village was appointed for the abode of the wives and families of such of their members as might chance to be married."

The story of the monk of Petcherski is of considerable interest; and altogether the *Wanderer* well deserves a recommendation to our readers.

*Thoughts on Domestic Education: the Result of Experience.* By a Mother, Author of "Always Happy," "Claudine," "Hints on the Sources of Happiness," &c. &c. 1 vol. London, 1826. Knight.

THIS pleasing and able writer, whose invariable object it appears to be to render her talents and knowledge serviceable to the community, and whose works we have from time to time noticed with the approbation which they have richly deserved, has here produced a volume replete with excellent hints to mothers whose opportunities enable them to save their daughters from the evils to which they are too often exposed in schools, and to bring them up under that superintendence which, generally speaking, is the best calculated to render them useful and amiable members of society. What renders the suggestions which the work contains the more valuable, is that they are the result of long experience. "The author," says the preface, "once asked the father of a numerous family, if he had read the admirable publications of Miss Hamilton and Miss Edgeworth on Education? He dryly answered, 'I would read them, were they the compositions of a Mrs. Hamilton and a Mrs. Edgeworth.' As he was a man of sound judgment and considerable experience, his remark made a deep impression, and first elicited the idea of a maternal work on the subject. The author immediately commenced her memo-

randa of all she tried and all she effected. The following pages are the result of twenty years' experience in a family of six children, three sons and three daughters."

The mere enumeration of the sections into which the volume is divided will shew how important are the subjects considered. They are: Preliminary Remarks; Reading; Writing; Arithmetic; Dancing; Music; Drawing and Painting; Grammar; Geography; Languages—Latin, French, Italian; Housewifery; Course of Education—Books; Plan for Juvenile Diary; Scheme for the Distribution of Time; French Books for Children; Italian Books for Youth; English Books for Youth; Self-Education; Arrangement of Time; Apparent Inaction; Mental Recreation; Virtue the only Means of Happiness; on Arguing; on Silence; on Associates and Friends; on Study; on Benevolence; on "Virtue its own Reward;" on Ignorance; on Positiveness; on Female Inaccuracy; on the Value of Money; on the Value of Time; on Modes of Conciliation; on Patience in Sickness; on Charity; on Truth. We will extract passages from two or three of these sections. The originality of the manner in which the different topics are treated is as striking as its beneficial tendency.

*Dancing.*—"It is difficult for rational observers to consider dancing in any other light than as an amusement; yet great pains seem to be taken to render it a study demanding much close and serious attention. Healthy children, accustomed to enjoy the free use of their limbs in the open air, will want little tuition to become good dancers—will not need collars, stocks, remonstrances, and reproofs, to teach them to hold up their heads and turn out their toes. By running, jumping, skipping in gardens and fields, moving their feet and their hands without restraint, and looking freely about them up to trees and stars, and around to flowers and playfellows, they will too often stretch the sinews of their legs, and bend the joints of their ancles, and draw up their necks and heads, to run the risk of moving heavily and clumsily, and of carrying themselves ungracefully. As, however, in civilised countries, certain movements constitute the grace and elegance of dancing, children had better be early taught the most common steps in vogue. A twelvemonth of tuition, say from seven to eight, will suffice to give the prompt little pupils a good notion of time and regulated motion. After that, they may go on dancing to their mother's piano-forte, whenever she pleases to indulge them with a country dance or Scotch reel, and be as merry and as graceful as they please. At twelve or fourteen years of age, another year or two of tuition may fit them to join in the dances then in vogue. As the fashion is continually changing, this instruction to the girl just budding into the young woman may be useful and agreeable. But if dancing has one pre-eminent charm, it is the charm of artlessness. Can this charm exist, if the dancer's thoughts are absorbed in the desire of self-exhibition? No; then let not self-exhibition for one instant creep into the mind of the young dancer. By conversation, by example, by every possible medium, inculcate that we dance to amuse ourselves, not to exhibit ourselves. Do not even let us praise a child, without remembering this aim. Let us not say, 'You dance prettily!' let us say, 'You dance very merrily.' Let not the fond mother exclaim, 'Come, let me see you dance;' but, 'Come, will you have a dance?'"

*Apparent Inaction.*—"That idleness is an

enemy to virtue and happiness, we can all feelingly allow; but it is not therefore certain that all occupations are friendly to virtue and happiness. Without, of course, alluding to any form of vicious occupation, there are many frivolous ones that are more pernicious than a state of perfect inaction. We should not, therefore, be too earnest to fill up every moment of the busy day; let a certain portion be steadily devoted to improvement and usefulness, but let intervening half-hours of repose, and moments of reflection, pass as periods also favourable to mental expansion. If, when engaged in reading or needle-work; or any other employment, the young pupil pauses, and seems absorbed in contemplation, let not the intellectual abstraction be disturbed; perhaps some ingenious inquiry is engaging the expanding thoughts. The questions which often follow such a pause prove that the mind has not been idle, that it has, on the contrary, been eliciting truth, or pursuing inquiry. How much better that such intellectual labour should finish its wholesome course, and that the mind should not be prematurely called away from its healthy workings. No forced exertion can bear any comparison with such free thinkings. It is not difficult to discover, by the glance of the eye and the play of the features, when the pause proceeds from mental reflection: a countenance thus impressed bears a very different expression from one marked by vacuity of thought or the languor of indolence. More than moments may be allowed to be thus spent. A little girl of eight years old has been discovered alone, stretched before an open window, apparently in a state of utter listlessness; yet, when asked why she remained there so long inactive, "I have been watching," she replied, "the sun setting behind those beautiful gold and purple clouds."

*On Associates and Friends.*—"By kindness, frankness, and forbearance, a mother can obtain the confidence of her children, and gradually and imperceptibly become the trusted friend. Had girls no other, from fourteen to twenty, the fate of many of them would wear a more smiling aspect than it too often does, when youthful confidantes share the heart and fancy. Intimates and social companions may be selected for them, in as great a number as the mother can judiciously encourage. Perhaps, by having numerous associates, the risk of forming a sickly sentimental friendship is avoided. Mystery and secrecy cannot subsist among numbers, and mystery and secrecy are the corner-stones of sentimental connexions. By enlarged communion, more liberal feelings are induced, and the glow of affection, so natural and so delightful in youth, runs no hazard of being chilled by being diffused. Surely the more we mingle with our fellow-creatures, the more warm and kindly are our feelings. The system of confidential letter-writing is, perhaps, the most pernicious indulgence which a young lady can allow herself with a friend of her own age. The length and frequency of these epistles form their principal charm and their chief merit. They are not written because there is something to be said, but something must be said because they are to be written. In youth, the imagination is the most busy of our faculties, and furnishes the principal supply for these missives. Girls of ordinary character fill the page with idle gossipings; and, as life seldom yields sufficient variety of anecdote and character for these indiscriminating observers, fancy is called in aid, and facts are mingled with fictions, 'after what flourish their nature will.' Hence the mischiefs of false representa-

tion and petty scandal are propagated and prolonged; and the mind, tainted in its prime, loses its delicate distinction of truth and falsehood. With girls of superior talent, the imagination is equally busy and equally hurtful, though in a different way; for these, soaring above the incidents and personages of real life, indulge themselves in all the hyperbole of romance, the refinements of feelings, and the wild and deluding visions of irrational hope. With such as these, every thing is exquisite or detestable, loved or hated, lauded to the skies or trampled to the earth; a medium is unknown, for the very word moderation is expunged from their vocabulary. The mischiefs arising from such mental dereliction can be easily imagined, though not easily calculated; rather than risk so fearful a hazard, a young lady had better never write a letter during her minority. To think a little wildly and fantastically is natural to youth; but as thoughts perish, the evil is, as a summer cloud, slight and fugitive. But when these idle fancies are committed to paper, a sort of permanency is given to them, and a feeling of pride is generated on re-perusing the high-sounding period; added to which, thoughts are brief and changeable; a vision of fancy may be succeeded by a reflection of good sense: but in writing, the fugitive fancies are fixed, and dilated, and pursued, so that, out of one passing folly, many branch forth; truth and common sense are put aside; and the taste for romance is cherished, and the distaste for reason is augmented."

These extracts (we may hereafter cite one or two others) amply justify the favourable opinion we entertain of this highly interesting work,—which, although addressed especially to mothers, may be read with great advantage by all who are engaged in an occupation so important to human happiness as the education of female youth.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The First and Last Years of Wedded Life.*  
Rosalia St. Clair. 4 vols.

THE tale before us is not uninteresting; but, though all for the better, the change is rather too abrupt. We doubt much such sudden and rapid alteration in matrimonial miseries: the couple who have lived for years in bickerings and indifference, are, we fear, very likely to continue *idem*. However, we can only recommend the later years of domestic felicity here depicted to the attentive perusal of any of our readers who happen to be so pleasantly situated *a priori*, and, perhaps, without strong hopes of such an amendment.

*Fray-Eugenio; ou, L'Auto-da-Fé de 1680.*  
Par M. Montouval, Auteur de "Tartriffe Moderne," &c. Dupont et Co. Paris, 1826.

PREFIXING to his volume a curious list of works to whose authority he appeals, and uniting to much of industrious research a novelist's proper share of invention, M. Montouval has produced one of the best specimens of historic romance we have yet seen from a French pen. His choice has fallen upon one of the darkest periods in Spanish history. The glory of Charles V., the power of Philip II., had past; but their mistaken policy, their gloomy bigotry remained, as if to make the destiny of one of the richest and most favoured by nature of European countries a striking lesson of human crime and folly. What must be the state of feeling among a people who could deem that lighting up the death-pile with human beings for its food, was a fit and gratify-

ing spectacle to welcome their young and lovely queen? We are not going to analyse a plot whose secret is kept most skillfully; but only to say it has considerable interest, and that the historical incidents are very felicitously grafted on the narrative. The character of Fray-Eugenio is strikingly drawn; and the selfish and imbecile bigot who nominally filled the throne, himself the veriest slave in his realm, is as faithful as it is contemptible. All that regards Spain is at present both of interest and moment; and so little is its condition ameliorated, so heavy are its still cumbering chains of superstition, that M. Montouval's picture of 1620 only too much resembles what might be drawn even in our day.

*Time's Telescope for 1827, &c. &c.* London, Sherwood and Co.

FOR seven years we have not failed to direct the attention of our readers to this worthy contemporary, whose various labours will justify every praise we have bestowed upon them. It is indeed an honest, solid, instructive, pleasing, and meritorious Annual, with all the useful information belonging to Almanacks, without their silly predictions and nonsensical signs. Its astronomical notices are ample, and its tide tables &c. valuable. In literature, miscellaneous, original, and selected poetry, alternating with biographies of persons of note who have died within the year; botanical illustrations and pieces of natural history; applicable excerpts from works recently published; and a mass of other matters which it would take us almost a year to specify—it is well furnished. We shall therefore only repeat, that this is an excellent and agreeable volume, like all those which have preceded it. A series of papers on Scottish Botany, by Mr. Young of Paisley; a description of remarkable British Insects, by Mr. Curtis; and some notices in Ornithology, by Mr. Jenyns, in the present year, are particularly worthy of praise, and replete with interest. We think the editor must run out of saints in a year or two, unless there can be a new creation.

*Sketches from Life, in Verse.* By the Rev. T. C. Boone, B.A. 12mo.

WRITTEN with the best intentions, we cannot help being of opinion that the worthy clergyman has in this instance mistaken the means for effecting much moral reformation. His pictures of vulgar and sometimes vicious life are not drawn with the skill of Crabbe; and when such efforts fail, they are more likely to do harm than produce good.

*The World in Miniature*; edited by W. H. Pyne. 4 vols. 18mo. Ackermann.

A FAMOUS Christmas gift for every little Miss or Master who deserves a really pretty and entertaining one. This selection consists of England, Scotland, and Ireland, being the fifteenth division of the general work, the *World in Miniature*; so that it might with propriety have been called *Great Britain* "in little." By the by, we are fond of miniatures! Dear absent friends are present to us through these elegant productions of the fine arts. And here, it is quite delightful to see our acquaintances reduced to such proportions as to render their faults (if they have any) inaudible, invisible, inoffensive. Here is a watchman who never disturbs us with his bawling, and who cannot in spite of his age be called "the lively Rattle;" here is a lord mayor who does not offend the citizens by (alleged) short commons, improper forks, and pepper casters forked out: here is a



postman whose eternal larum doth not ring: here is a peer with a petition, like a beggar: here is a bishop with his eyes fixed on the Scriptures for ever, and on nothing else: here is a herald like those we have sometimes seen *herd* together; and here is a fire new fireman: here is a milk-girl as soft as cream, and a bill-sticker who seems as if he would not stick at any thing: here is a lamp-lighter who will never enlighten the world more than we shall do—but comparisons are odious: and here, in short, are all varieties of known characters, picturesquely figured and cleverly described, with their origins, occupations, &c. &c.—so that the book is at once catching to the eye and entertaining and instructive to the juvenile mind.

*Some Illustrations of Mr. McCulloch's Political Economy.* By Mordecai Mullion. Edinburgh, Blackwood.

*A Letter to John Barrow, Esq. F.R.S. on the extraordinary Hyperborean Discoveries made by a Quarterly Reviewer and Captain Parry.* London. No publisher's name.

THESE are two bitter pamphlets. The first is an afflicting exposition of Mr. McCulloch as a writer producing the same thing over and over and over again in lectures, newspapers, reviews, and pamphlets. In spite of a sophistical and abusive defence set up by a coarse and vulgar Edinburgh Journal called the *Scotsman* (and disgracing the name of either Scotsman or gentleman), it is demonstrated that even the *Edinburgh Review* itself (heedlessly enough) published the same remarks under different titles in its own pages, at the distance of some years between. We do not say that this Mullion (whether Professor Wilson or not) has performed his task in the most laudable manner; but certainly he has done the business he set out to do, and quashed the impudent *Scotsman*, and pumelled its late or present Editor (we know which), Mr. McCulloch.—A similar remark applies to the second pamphlet. It is written in a grievous style, as an angry and disappointed sailor would write; and yet unanswerably demonstrates many gross inconsistencies in Captain Parry's Voyages and the *Quarterly Review* reviews of them. There are personalities in both pamphlets, which, for the credit of literature as well as the characters of their authors, had better never have seen the light.

*Second Series. The Cheltenham Mail-Bag.* 12mo. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE work of a friend of ours, we believe,—of which we must say, that it is an example of talents sadly thrown away. Some of the descriptions may suit the meridian of the Cheltenham Spas; but they become offensive in the closet.

*The Revolt of the Bees.* 8vo. London, Longman and Co.

Is a strange, visionary book, with a beautiful vignette frontispiece—the only good thing in it. The object seems to be to recommend some new Moravian or Harmony state of society, by the example of some bee-hives about the Pentland Hills in Scotland. The frame-work looks as if the author had got at least one of the bees into his bonnet, if not in his lug. The sense he displays is entirely neutralised and stultified by the nonsense inseparable from the allegory. He will never be a Mandeville in literary fame.

*An Historical Account of the late Yorkshire Election, &c.* By the Editor of the Leeds Intelligencer. 8vo. Leeds. Robinson and Hernaman.

VERY useful, we presume, for parties interested, but considerably gone by for the rest of the community: except perhaps for reference on future occasions.

*Christmas and the New Year. A Masque for the fire-side.* Longman and Co.

A GOOD idea, and the composition only objectionable as being often superior to the title. Instead of being for the fire-side and a family of youngsters, much of it would do credit to any situation.

*An Account of the State of Agriculture and Grazing in New South Wales, &c. &c.* By James Atkinson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 146. Cross. 1826.

WE have seldom met with a volume containing more valuable and useful information upon the subjects on which it professes to treat, than the present—but, unfortunately, put together in a manner somewhat dry and uninteresting, which renders it less likely to fall in the way of the general reader than its practical utility entitles it to do. To those who are desirous of having complete and circumstantial details respecting the agriculture, natural productions, mode of rearing live stock, trade, manufactures, and general polity of our possessions in Australia, it will, nevertheless, be a companion highly serviceable and instructive, affording all the details which can be wanted on those subjects. In our *Gazette* of the 7th October last, we remarked on the paucity of information that has reached us respecting this tract of country; and we should be happy if the present volume calls the attention of those capable of still further enlightening us on this head. In the mean time, those who are anxious to acquire a knowledge of our own settlement on that continent—and of the probable good or ill success an adventurer may expect to meet with on settling there—will do well to peruse this publication, which is also embellished by an excellent map and two or three local sketches.

*The Heart; with Odes, and other Poems.* By Percy Rolfe. Westley and Davis.

THE production of a young writer, this little volume is very far from being deficient in much of that sweetness and feeling which is morning's promise. The following song strikes us as being very pleasing:—

"Where Nature is, is beauty, she hath beauty for her dower,  
In ocean, forest, tuneful bird, and in the voiceless flower;  
But all her charms united by sweet Woman are alone,  
And all the charms of womankind, dear lady, are thine own.  
There's music in thy lightest step, there's music in thy voice,  
And in thine eyes of light a ray that bids the soul rejoice;  
Before thy smile, so brightly pure, all grosser thoughts must flee,  
As shadows shun the earliest burst of daylight on the sea.  
There's beauty on thy marble brow, there's beauty on thy cheek,  
There's beauty in thy ringlets curl'd, that love's own language speak:  
Thy lips of rose voluptuously in parted beauty dwell,  
And thy bosom heaves like summer waves on ocean's calmest swell."

Yet 'tis not that angelic form, and seraph's eye of blue,  
That most endearest thee to a heart warm like thine own  
And true;  
It is that nameless charm of mind which all save thou canst see,  
That binds in rosy chains of love my vanquished soul to thee."

There is talent in the first poem, the Heart; the original idea is good, and the versification harmonious.

## ORIGINAL.

### ON NATIONAL POLITY AND FINANCE (VIII).

IN all plans the object of which is public benefit, and especially in such as propose great changes of what exists, upon very novel modifications, if not upon entirely new principles, the fairest and most expedient course, in the first instance, is to press them upon the understanding of the country, by fully explaining their details and bearings. In pursuance of this axiom, we have continued to develop our system of National Polity and Finance, by devoting to it, weekly, a brief paper in this extensively circulated journal. It is true that by this method we have only brought forward detached parts in each of our Numbers; but we trust that we have made their connexion sufficiently clear, and that readers who feel an interest in the inquiry can perceive how accurately the whole can combine and blend together, so as to produce the inestimable good we aim at,—a sound currency—a currency susceptible of constant adjustment and arrangement—ample but not superabundant—equable and shared, to their comfort, by the lower classes of society—not exposed to be affected by panics, and permeating, like the vital stream in the human frame, through every minute vessel, as well as the larger arteries and veins of the Body Politic, so as to vivify and invigorate its every fibre. This would certainly appear better demonstrated when our task has been closed, and the whole placed in one point of view; but in the meantime we proceed.

In our last *Gazette* we treated of Parochial Small Notes; in other words, of the *small change*, sought by parishes or sub-divisions for their internal convenience, the denominations fixed by themselves as suited to their wants, and this currency *tailor-made* (if we may use the expression) to their own bounds. Once supplied with this medium from the National Bank, the latter could have no further trouble with, or control over its management; so that this branch of the system could not complicate the machine. The case would stand simply thus: the parish A, upon the perfect security it has pledged, has obtained, in the form best adapted for its farmers, manufacturers, tradesmen, mechanics, labourers,—for its taxes, subsistence, wages, &c. &c. a quantum of sterling paper, which it keeps within itself, for its own purposes; which is familiar to it, and covered with familiar indorsements; and in which its whole population has a decided interest. This once issued requires no further attention, and until worn out in the course of years, and a second supply is needed, the fountain-head knows nothing more of the matter than that the parish of A has in circulation to the amount of — in notes of such and such denominations.\* For this amount, let it be remembered *four per cent* has been paid to relieve the country of its taxation: and paid with gladness too; by the subscribers, who will derive a higher per centage on their capital, while the parish at large will reap all the benefits of a fixed and sound currency and diminution of taxes, without abatement, or the necessity of a tax-gatherer. After the single act of issuing once, agreeably to the ascertained wants of every parish, the Bank, we repeat, is perfectly at ease with respect to this very important accommodation, full as it is of local conveniences, and subversive as it is of forgery, of doubts as to the stability of the medium, and of the

\* By adding all these together, the aggregate amount of currency can be ascertained at any period by the Argus.

necessity for public-house resort, to procure change, and barter commodities.

We ought next to shew, more at length, how readily the necessary parochial securities may be found. There is the land-owner; will he refuse to take a part in what must so essentially better the condition of all ranks, and improve his own income as well as his property? There are often real parochial funds which might be thus beneficially employed. But there are also the people—these are those who, from the wealthy trader or farmer to the humblest mechanic or hind, have saved their disposable five hundred pounds or fifty shillings. Let these contribute their respective shares into one fund, and let it be invested for the common weal. Upon that investment they establish their Ledger credit; they shew what kind of currency would be most beneficial to them; they obtain it; it is their own, and every advantage which accrues from it is fairly participated. Thus, supposing ten thousand parishes had each a thousand pounds in parochial notes, there would be *ten millions of pounds sterling* in circulation—a national medium founded on the pledges of the people in the national Ledger, while these pledges themselves were bearing interest to the investors. We put the question—would this be a solid and useful circulating medium, or would it not? and, beyond being the former, immeasurably out of comparison with the expedients now so prevalent, (not only debased coin and bad local notes, but tokens of all sorts, and mere nominal acknowledgments from paymasters to servants, &c.) would it be the means of binding every rank to the interests of their country by the strong bond of their own interests?

Again, we ought to observe that this merely local arrangement would neither clash nor interfere with the general currency of the realm. Still then, as now, there would be a proportion of gold and silver, especially of the latter; there would be notes of one pound, of two pounds, of five, of ten, of twenty, and so on to thousands of pounds, which would circulate duly and safely through the roads and principal arteries of the kingdom, in cities and in the great manufacturing towns. The passer-by, the traveller, the mercantile man, might furnish themselves with these as their business required; and besides these, to complete our Plan, with also the Road-note (explained in Nos. IV. and V.), and even other essential improvements which it would be easy to graft on such a general system, founded on the broad basis of perfect security and perfect truth. For example, when there were in every quarter of the kingdom agents in daily communication with the supreme National Bank, how simple would it be for A. B., with any number of ten-pound or larger notes, to cut off a corner of each, and make them *specialty* his own by his signature, address, and (if requisite) other brief circumstances of security. By so obvious and easy a process, he could at once render the sum which he carried in his pocket, if he lost it, or was plundered of it, unavailable to any bearer but himself. A trifling commission\* would compensate the agent for giving him local change for this *Reserved Note*; which, being immediately re-transmitted to his *Ledger credit* at the common centre, the Bank, its whole operation would be finished. We need hardly explain at greater length, that the act of cutting off the corner of a note, thereby declaring it to be a *Reserved Note* for the sole use of the

party so cutting and indorsing it, must proceed upon a general understanding to that effect.\*

But we do not insist on these points: we only instance them to prove how universally applicable our plan is, and of how many important modifications and advantages it is susceptible. Let us throw, in conclusion of this paper, only one slight glance at a general feature. By supplying the country with a *sterling paper currency*, the nation would reap at the outset a revenue equal to millions of taxes which might be repealed—the people, being their own bankers in detail, would enjoy all the emoluments of banking, emoluments which are at present gathered out of the poor, for the sole benefit of the rich; and, above all, the expense, the wear and tear, the actual loss upon a metallic currency, five per cent upon as many millions as are in circulation would be saved. From the expression of these sentiments, do not let us be thought levellers—our levelling system goes to raise the low, indeed, but at the same time to elevate the high still higher in their places, and make their stations infinitely more stable and secure than they can be amidst periodical panic-convulsions and far too widely-felt distress.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### BALLOONS.

A WRITER in a recent number of a continental publication recalls the public attention to the subject of balloons, and expresses a persuasion that that invention will, on some future day, be considered as of much greater importance than it has hitherto been. He subjoins a description of the use which was made of balloons in the earlier periods of the Revolution, contributed by an old French officer of the name of Contelle, who at that time was appointed captain-commandant of the balloon corps; and a transcript of a manuscript memoir on the same subject by M. Meunier, an officer of engineers, and a member of the Academy of Sciences. We extract some of the most remarkable details.

A proposal having been made to the Committee of Public Safety to employ balloons with the armies, for the purpose of observation, it was accepted on condition that sulphuric acid should not be employed in their inflation, sulphur being scarce, and necessary for the fabrication of powder. The means resorted to were, to obtain the gas by the decomposition of water on hot iron. A large apparatus for that purpose, and a balloon twenty-seven feet in diameter, were constructed by M. Coutelle, whose experiments on the subject completely succeeded. He was sent to the French army under General Jourdan, at Maubeuge, and ascended repeatedly to the height of 270 fathoms (the length of the cords by which he was retained), which gave him an opportunity of observing all the movements of the enemy. On several of these occasions he experienced great danger from the violence of the wind; and in one instance he was fired at three times during his ascent, the balls passing so near to the balloon as to induce him to fear that they had perforated it. The victory of Fleurus was in a great degree attributable to the advantage which the French derived from the communications made to them by M. Coutelle, from his aerial station, of the manoeuvres of the hostile army. For what reasons does

not appear, but the use of balloons in military operations was soon after discontinued.

M. Meunier's memoir is curious. Proposing to himself nothing less than the power of making very long voyages, he had of course to consider the means of sustaining the shocks of strong and adverse currents of air, of stopping and anchoring, of raising himself and remaining at a convenient elevation, of moving in a calm, and of modifying the direction and the speed of his progress. Again, as none of the materials of which air-balloons are composed are absolutely impermeable by the hydrogen, it was indispensable to discover how to retain the gas, or to repair its loss. It remained to determine the size and shape of a balloon that should be capable of transporting the apparatus, the observers and their instruments, and a quantity of provisions necessary for the longest voyage which they might be required to undertake. This skilful mechanic conquered a number of the above difficulties by putting a second cover on his balloon. This outer cover was of linen, not permeable by the atmospheric air. Between the two covers there was a considerable space. A pipe, of the same fabric as the outer cover, communicated between that space and a forcing-pump fixed in the car. By means of this pump, the air between the two covers could be condensed, the volume of the hydrogen diminished, and thereby the mean specific gravity of the fluid contained in the balloon increased. As the cover was scarcely extendible, and as the cords on its outside would not allow it to change its shape, the volume of the balloon varied very little, while its weight increased or diminished according to the mean specific gravity of the two gases which it contained. Thus, when the aeronauts were at a great elevation, all that it was necessary to do in order to descend, was, to work the forcing-pump, by which the weight of the atmospheric air between the covers was increased, so that the balloon would not remain suspended except in denser, that is to say in lower air. Ballast was thereby rendered unnecessary. When it was required to elevate the balloon, the opening of a valve allowed the compressed atmospheric air to escape. By this ingenious contrivance, the aeronauts were enabled to regulate their distance from the earth; and, as the currents of air at different degrees of elevation frequently run in opposite directions, to get into that current most favourable to the object they had in view. In calms, they made use of oars, by which, however, they could not advance themselves above a league in an hour. The writer seems to think that it would be possible with such a machine to reconnoitre the interior of Africa, without being exposed to any of the evils which have hitherto proved so fatal to travellers in that country.?

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Nov. 18.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—O. Hemy, Fellow of Brasenose College.

*Masters of Arts*.—E. Denison, Fellow of Merton, Grand Compounder; J. Hopkins, St. John's College, Grand Compounder; E. Hinchliffe, Worcester College; Rev. J. Jones, St. Alban's Hall; Rev. C. Harbin, Fellow of Wadham College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—S. V. Dashwood, Brasenose, Grand Compounder; T. F. Woodham, Worcester College; H. Chaytor, St. Mary Hall; R. J. Beadon, Queen's College; C. H. J. Anderson, St. Wilfrid's, Oriel College; R. Webster, Lord Crew's Exhibitioner, Lincoln College; W. V. Mills, G. Dawson, Trinity College; G. G. Gardner, Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 18.—At a congregation on

\* For it is part of our plan that agents or bankers should act upon commission.

\* This conventional practice would effectually prevent the endless robberies that now prevail, on the transit of notes by the mail and other modes of conveyance.



Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor in Divinity*.—Rev. W. Hewson, St. John's College, Compounder.

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. C. Whately, Rev. D. Morton, Trinity College; F. North, St. John's College, Compounder; J. Longe, Jesus College; Rev. T. B. Whitehurst, Rev. R. Montgomery, St. Peter's College, Compounders.

*Bachelors in Civil Law*.—Rev. C. Williams, Trinity Hall; Rev. W. Webster, Jesus College; Rev. J. Badcock, St. Peter's College.

ROME, Oct. 23.—Letters from Naples announce that Sig. Angelo Mai, librarian of the Vatican, has discovered, in a codex of the Abbey of St. Colombano, in Bobbio, now preserved in the Royal Library, a valuable work of one of the most celebrated Latin Classics. All the literati in Rome are anxiously looking for the return of Signor Mai from Naples.

#### GEOGRAPHY.

The sixth volume (containing Eastern Europe) of M. Malte Brun's admirable *Précis of Universal Geography* has lately been published at Paris. It commences with a general introduction to Europe (page 1—122), in which we find a table of 800 mountains, classed by groups or chains, with the indication of their altitudes; a new and complete view of the various temperatures or climates, of our quarter of the globe, of their causes and their effects; a division of Europe into seventeen natural regions, characterised according to a combination of all their physical characters; and a table of the classification of all the nations and all the languages and dialects of Europe. Then follows the description of Turkey in Europe (p. 123—285), in which will be observed many new details; a physical chorography of Greece, in which the ancient authors, from Homer to Hippocrates, are constantly confronted with modern travellers; and researches into the language of the Albanians, founded on unedited MSS. in the Royal Library, and the results of which, conformable to the opinion of Leibnitz and of Paulmier de Grentesmenil, give new bases to the history of the Greeks and the Pelasgi. The *Description of Hungary* (p. 286—396) is in its form an innovation on geography, that great and noble kingdom having been long since treated of as a province of Austria. The discussion on the non-existence of the Carpathian mountains as a chain; the traces of an ancient Mediterranean Sea in the centre of Hungary; the Finnic origin of the Hungarian nation, and the researches into its primitive seat,—will be noticed as new. The Hungarian, German, and Slavonian nomenclature of the Hungarian towns is of manifest utility. The *Description of Russia in Europe* (p. 397—667) contains a view of all the statistical and other geographical works published in Russia on the European part of that empire. It is divided, for physical and historical reasons, into seven great and distinct masses. 1. The *southern provinces*, where the Tartars and the Cossacks predominate, and of which Odessa and Astrachan are the chief towns. 2. The *eastern provinces*, or the country about Kasan and Orenburg, in which there are many moral details relative to the Finno-Hunnic tribes. 3. The *provinces round the White Sea*, of which Archangel is the capital, containing some hitherto unknown particulars of the Laplanders and the Samoieds. 4. The *provinces about the Baltic*, where the reader's attention is engaged by the manners and ancient religion of the Finlanders, the Estonians, and the Livonians, as well as by the accounts of the natural position of St. Petersburg, and the

mode of combat practised by the galley fleet.

5. The *central provinces*, or Great Russia, with the new physical description of the plateau, or high plain, as it is called in the country, and the picture of Moscow risen from its ruins. 6. The *provinces of Little Russia and the Ukraine*, of which Kiow is the centre; and the moral description of the Russian nation, is added to this section: we observe here notes, furnished by Russians, in reply to the censures of foreign travellers. 7. The *Lithuanian provinces* lying round Wilna, in which there are new researches relative to the language and the origin of the Lithuanians. Each of these descriptions forms as it were a distinct picture, with its local colouring, according to the climate and the people. The whole is terminated by a view of the aggrandisement of the Russian empire, and of its actual force. The description of the *kingdom of Poland*, and that of *Galicia*, or Austrian Poland, terminate this volume, of which we have given this brief view, intending to return to it on a future occasion.

The seventh volume is in the press, and will appear in a few months; so that this great work will be completed before the end of 1827.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &c.

##### No. XIX.—Book Prints.

To continue our brief history of the rise and progress of book prints, we owe it to the memory of two worthies, not unknown to fame, to say, that Samuel Wale and Charles Grignon contributed, by their joint labours, to advance this department of art. Wale, as before observed, with Francis Hayman, almost divided the business of designing book illustrations for the publishers. There is so great a similarity of style in the compositions of these artists, that the works of each might be taken for those of the other, excepting that Hayman's figures were the most lengthy in the leg.

Soon after the accession of his late majesty, certain publishers in Paternoster Row commenced the practice of issuing popular works in monthly and weekly numbers. One, if not the first of these periodicals, was the *History of London*, issued in monthly numbers, folio, each illustrated with a line engraving, from an "elegant design by that eminent artist Mr. Samuel Wale, engraved by Mr. Charles Grignon." These numbers, compared with modern works, may well justify the assertions of the prospectus, namely, that no publications, combining so many claims to public patronage, could compete in cheapness with this, these folio numbers being published at the low price of sixpence each.

The success of this experiment induced others to project similar works; hence Maynard's *Josephus*, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, the *Holy Bible*, and last, though by no means least in the estimation of that class of readers to whom these folio works were addressed, appeared the *Voyages of Captain Cook*. The numbers to this series, adorned with *cuts*, were too congenial to the taste of the great mass not to warrant the high expectations of the publisher. Representations of British sailors storming hosts of sea-monsters upon their icy bulwarks, as represented by John Webber, were too striking not to be admired by young and old. The faithful resemblance of the *Discovery* and the *Resolution*, rigged to the very rope, delighted many an incipient tar, who, with his schoolmates, on the Saturday

half-holiday, looking over these inviting cuts, would learn thence to build a ship.

The precursor of this work, the folio edition published at the expense of the Admiralty, makes a superior feature in the annals of book prints, many of the plates therein being engraved in a superior style to any prior publication. This may be instanced, too, as the first work with graphic illustrations that had issued from the press under the auspices of the government, and, perhaps, the most profitable commission that has yet been offered, as a reward to a literary man, for his editorial labours; Dr. Hawkesworth having, by condition, received, for his superintendence of the work, the splendid sum of six thousand pounds.

It is to be regretted, however, that, for all this liberal patronage, the work is sought in comparison with subsequent publications,—the printer, by some strange mismanagement, printing it on such inferior paper as to be a discredit to the press. When the late king, who evinced an excellent taste as a collector, received his copy, his majesty expressed his disappointment very emphatically. "They have ruined a national work," said the king, "by printing it on this vile paper;" and he was not sparing of his epithets in condemnation of the parties implicated in so disreputable an affair.

John Bell is entitled to a conspicuous niche in the graphic temple, for his spirited exertions in promoting the beauty of our press. The elegant series of the *British Poets*, and the subsequent edition of *Shakspeare*, must be considered the earliest specimens of the union of graphic and typographic art, such as really do honour to the country and the age. Mr. Bell judiciously, as well as liberally, employed the first-rate talents of both painter and engraver to produce illustrations for his cabinet editions: and from his example we may fairly date all that is superb and elegant in the innumerable works which have since adorned the libraries of every enlightened book-collector.

Shortly subsequent to this period, now verging on half a century since, which, such is the comparative eternity of memory, seemeth but as yesterday, we also remember the commencement of the *Novelist's Magazine*, published in periodical numbers by Harrison, in Paternoster Row. Thither how oft in boyhood have we proceeded on the publishing morning, and paid our "boarded sixpences" for a number of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or a *Sir Charles Grandison*, with its beautiful graphic illustration, reeking from the press! It was then and there that we first became familiar with the names of Stothard, Heath, and Smirke,—a triumvirate of talent yet on the "sunny side of the cold marble." Angus must not be forgotten, however, in this catalogue; his name remains recorded as the engraver of many of Stothard's designs for these choice volumes.

When we look back to this period, and proceeding forward through the improving years that have intervened, we cannot but admire the prolific pencil of Stothard, whose inventive powers, called forth by a continued succession of publications for the long period of nearly fifty years, have never flagged,—whose engraved compositions have adorned works to the number of some thousands, and with that never-ending variety, that it would be difficult to exhibit an instance of his being reduced even to the pardonable refuge of occasionally copying himself.

Whatever deficiency of patronage has been experienced by those who, having studied the

highest department of painting, found that they addressed their vast labours to the collectors of our age in vain, there is no cause for murmuring with those who, like Stothard and Smirke, have sought employment among the publishers. How great would be the surprise of Hayman and Wale, could they revisit the premises once occupied by their old employers, and behold the change that has been wrought in favour of their professional successors. Two guineas for the composition of a quarto plate was the common stipulation price in their day. Stothard, for a certain period, received but one guinea for an octavo design, and frequently, from the caprice of his employers, had that returned. The engravers coeval with these,—Grignon, Hall, Heath, Angus, and Sharpe,—were rewarded much in the same proportion, five guineas being the usual price. How different now, when we have the satisfaction to state, that the talent of both painter and engraver is duly appreciated. Twelve guineas have been paid of late by the publishers for one single composition, for the illustration of various annual offerings to friendship, by the pencil of R. Westall; and fifty guineas for the engraving of the same, by the tasteful *burin* of Charles, the son of the said eminent James Heath. Other distinguished painters and engravers receive proportionate sums from contemporary publishers; and all are encouraged with like liberality, in the exact ratio of their talent and reputation.

[The pressure of other matters obliges us to divide this continuation of a paper which has, we understand, greatly interested the friends and professors of the *Fine Arts*.]

#### MR. DAY'S PICTURES.

THE acquisition, by Mr. Day, of some first-rate pictures by great ancient masters, and bringing them to London from the collection of the Prince of the Peace, has been adverted to in several newspapers. In this instance he has, indeed, added another to the many enterprises by which he has enriched this country with the most splendid productions of art. We have seen some of the works which have been unpacked from the first case that has reached its destination: they are extremely fine, and do honour to the judgment which has appreciated their value. The highest in our estimation is the *Assassination of an Inquisitor-General*, by Morillo. It is a noble composition, with a masterly freedom of pencil, and a powerful effect. The priest is kneeling at the altar, on the steps of which are a book and a lantern (a curious piece of light), his face uplifted in prayer, and a countenance of saintly calm and devotion; while two murderers grasp his garments, and have their swords raised to slaughter him. Their attitudes and desperate looks are admirable. Angels in the sky are waiting for the martyr. The whole is in Morillo's best style, whether for subject, execution, expression, or feeling. A Madonna, and exquisitely painted Child, by Carlo Dolce, is a pleasing specimen of that painter. A female portrait, by L. da Vinci, is also a striking example of that elder worthy. Guido's *Fortune* is a beautiful allegory—a Venus-like form floating in air, with our petty globe at her feet; a boy hanging to her free tresses, while she is scattering gifts from her hand: it is very poetical, and very finely painted. There are other pieces; but of these, and of their companions which have not yet been uncase, we shall take future opportunities of speaking. Mr. Day has rendered a grateful service to the arts by introducing these captivating performances

into England, which we trust they will never leave.

NAPLES, Oct. 19.—Their majesties, with the Prince and Princess of Salerno, and Princess Maria Christina, went yesterday to Pompeii to examine a new excavation of considerable interest. The royal visitors were highly gratified at seeing, near the *Fullonia*, in a house adorned with handsome paintings, a fountain extremely curious for its form and construction. It is in a niche, wholly covered with mosaic work, mixed with a beautiful variety of shells. The water appears to have issued from several parts; proceeding from the middle of the niche, and agreeably broken by some projections, it falls into the basin beneath, which is of fine marble; and it probably issued from the open mouths and the eyes of two human masks at the two sides of the design. In front of the fountain are four columns of the Corinthian order; and the other apartment, which is near the fountain itself, and is entirely painted with trees and rural objects, clearly shews that it was a place destined to domestic recreation.

Sig. D. APUZZO.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.

I STOOD on Marathon's lone plain,  
And on Euboea's mountain chain  
Gazed, as it lay at dead of night,  
All silent in the moon's pale light.  
The rising orb, o'er Ocha's head,  
A stream of silvery lustre shed  
On the sooth'd bosom of the sea,  
Sleeping beneath so peacefully,  
That on the ear nor murmurs stole,  
Nor rush of wave, nor ripples roll,  
Laving the pebbly shore. The sigh  
Of the soft breeze that floated by  
Was like the sobbing, half-suppress'd,  
Of gentle maiden's heaving breast,  
When hopes and wishes, cherish'd there,  
Have fled, and left behind—despair.  
Sparkled, like gems beneath the beam,  
The eddies of the mountain stream,  
Which, from Pentelius' famed steeps,  
In deviating windings sweeps:  
The music of its babbling, join'd  
To the soft breathings of the wind,  
Mingling in mournful cadence, fell  
Upon the heart like fairy spell.  
Sweet, peaceful, soul-subduing scene,  
So still, so beauteous, so serene!  
Emblem of Greece! in the long night  
Which shrouded the resplendent light  
Of her full day. Her ruin'd state,  
Like virgin beauty violate,  
Still full of charms and grace, but fled  
The radiance Freedom o'er her spread.

One lonely man—a Greek, a slave,  
Standing upon a Persian's grave—  
Gazed on this field of glory gone,  
The battle-field of Marathon!  
Where Greece her proudest triumph hail'd;  
Where Tyranny to Freedom quail'd;  
Where slave and lord, satrap and he  
Who vainly boasted victory,  
Saw—like the bolt of vengeance driven,  
When tower, and rock, and mountain riven,  
Are fractured all—the little band  
Of Freedom and of Greece withstand  
Asia's proud power; and onward sweep,  
Like breakers of the stormy deep,  
O'erwhelming, with resistless sway,  
Horseman and horse, the vain array  
Of Despotism. He gazed and wept;—  
But, save for stranger's song, had slept

Unconscious of his country's fame,  
His country's woes; nor seen the flame  
Blown from the spark its embers nursed  
While smouldering, and deeply curst  
By power barbaric:—such the cloud  
Of ignorance that, as a shroud,  
Hung over Greece for ages. Now,  
Raising again her downcast brow,  
She starts, electric, at the calls  
Of Freedom, echoed from the walls  
Of temples, altars, rocks, and hills,  
While through the soul the summons thrills.  
Is there who bears the name of Greek  
Can pillow an unkindled cheek,  
And listless hear the gathering cry?—  
Still fetters be his destiny,—  
Hatred in life,—within the tomb  
A coward's fate, a traitor's doom.

Sept. 30, 1826.

A. T. T.

#### THE BIRTH OF THE LABURNUM BLOSSOM.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur  
Majestas et amor.—*Ovid. Met. lib. ii. fab. 14.*

WHEN Jove descended from his lofty seat,  
The royal eagle kindling at his feet,  
With breast inflamed, he lighted on the tower  
Where Danaë sighed away the lonely hour,  
Imprison'd to avert a father's fate:  
How vain is human power, Acrisius knew too late!

There, near the casement of the drooping maid,  
A guardian tree hung down its friendly shade,  
With verdant foliage beaming brightly green,  
Where brazen walls around were only seen.

But what avail the turret's lofty walls!  
Before the Thunderer the barrier falls,—  
The golden shower a father's care disarms,  
And melting now, he sinks into her arms.

Behold that tree, which never nursed a flower,  
Receives a portion of the burnish'd shower!  
And as the eagle-sentinel below  
Remain'd to warn the coming of a foe,  
He saw the leaves with yellow beauties rife,  
And with his lightning warm'd them into life;  
Till all the tree, in golden drops array'd,  
Reveal'd the story of the ruin'd maid;  
The father's honour to the breezes cast,  
And the dread prophecy fulfill'd at last!

#### SONG.

From the French.

CAN I forget thee? Cruel, cease,  
Nor doom me to far worse than death—  
Yes—if thou wilt, hope, joy, and peace,  
I yield them—but my faith I keep.

Yes—when the bee forsakes the heath,  
Nor sips fresh sweets from flowery dews;  
When the young rose and myrtle wreath  
The zephyr's fond caress refuse;

When, chasing o'er the verdant lawn,  
Aroused by horn and huntsman's cry,  
The startled hounds before the fawn  
Shall all in wild confusion fly;

When the pure stream her course shall change,  
Returning towards the source she left;  
Then I'll forget—nor deem it strange  
That I am of thy love bereft.

Can I forget thee?—Ask me not,—  
To change my heart, the task were vain!  
I love my tears, I love my lot,  
Since thou hast caused my joy and pain.

March 1826.

FIDELIA.



## SONG.

AIR—"The Rose Tree."

Oh! not when hopes are brightest  
Is love's sweetest solace known;  
Oh! not when hearts are lightest  
Is fond Woman's fervour shewn:  
But when life's clouds o'ertake us,  
And the cold world is clothed in gloom,  
When summer friends forsake us—  
Then true love is but in bloom.

Love is no wandering vapour  
That lures with wild lambent spark;  
Love is no transient taper  
That lives an hour—and leaves us dark:  
But, like the lamp that warmeth  
The Greenland home beneath the snow,  
Love's sacred radiance charmeth,  
When all else is chill below.

## DRAMA.

"Ne quid falsi, dicere audent;  
Ne quid veri, non audent."

## KING'S THEATRE.

It is a good sign of the spirit in which the approaching season is likely to be conducted at this theatre, that the management should have resolved at once to commence with an opera entirely new to this country; and we are led also to augur well of the taste of the director, from his selecting for representation so fine a work as the *Vestale* of Spontini. We were present on Thursday at a rehearsal of this opera, which, if we have any skill in prophecy, we do not hesitate to predict will be a great favourite in this country, as it has been on the continent. Spontini's characteristics resemble those of Winter; that is to say, they consist of original and intelligible melodies, illustrated, but not obscured, by harmony and accompaniment: nor has he forgotten that, in dramatic music, the orchestra was made for the voice, not the voice for the orchestra. Some of the airs will, by and by, if we are not much mistaken, be quite familiar to us. The subdued, and tender, and graceful symphony with which the second act commences, is equal to the best passages of the kind in the *Proserpina* of Winter; and one or two of the choruses are equally striking. Madame Caradori executed with much finish and feeling the music given to the principal character. Zuchelli, who also has a part in *La Vestale*, is expected by the 1st of December. The choruses, especially those belonging to the female voices, are greatly improved since last season; and there appears to be, in the whole management, an evidence of care and activity which cannot fail to produce good results.

## DRURY LANE.

On Saturday evening a numerous audience assembled in this theatre to witness the revival of Dryden's *Amphitryon*, and the first appearance of a French actor of some celebrity, upon the English stage. With respect to each of the novelties we think there can hardly be two opinions. The public, as a body, cannot but wish well to, and receive with favour, any performer who exhibits talent, to whatever nation he may belong; whilst all must condemn the reproduction of a comedy, the subject-matter of which, however sanctioned by age, is indecent and profane, and which, in its performance, presents nothing but one uniform scene of dulness and improbability. The principal reason for the revival of *Amphitryon* (as we collect from the daily puffs which announced its coming) is to be discovered in

the supposed resemblance of person between Messrs. Harley and La Porte: but this so much talked of similarity, however great it may be off the stage, or when they are seen separately, conveys no idea of personal identity when they are employed in the same piece, and brought into immediate contact with each other. The Frenchman's voice is loud and full; Harley's rather weak and shrill. La Porte, to say nothing of the broad accent which a foreigner never can get rid of, articulates clearly and distinctly; Harley, on the other hand, uses great rapidity of utterance. The former is a steady, straightforward actor; the latter is what Mrs. Malaprop would call a "mercuriel young fellow," who fidgets and jumps about incessantly. In fact, their manners and modes of acting are as opposite as they well can be. We were also informed, upon the same authority (the preliminary paragraphs), that the play had undergone many alterations; but this also we find not to be the case. The piece now performing at Drury Lane is Dryden's comedy as it was revised and published by Haworth; and the only difference we observe between the two is, that the present *Amphitryon* is unequally divided into two acts, instead of being equally distributed into five, and that a few of the more licentious expressions have been omitted in the dialogue. Such being the state of things, is it surprising that the audience, who were tired out before the end of the first act, should have become loud in the expression of their displeasure, and that its announcement for future representation should have been quite inaudible? If the manager was really bent upon bringing these heathen deities and their pursuits once more into fashion, he should have cut out just one-half of the play,—hurried on the action as much as possible,—omitted the useless characters,—introduced dancing and singing, not forgetting Purcell's music, which used formerly to be given with it,—a platform full of live gods and goddesses, instead of the painted puppets that now occupy their places,—and these "appliances and means to boot," with good machinery and plenty of blue fire, might possibly have been cooked up into a showy afterpiece. Still, however, we do not see the necessity of its removal from the shelf at all, as the *Comedy of Errors* would have answered all the purposes that could possibly have been required. Having thus dismissed the piece,—and a painful task it is to be compelled so often to find fault,—we turn with pleasure to the new performer. In addition to the qualifications which we have already enumerated, Monsieur La Porte possesses a manly figure, and an open, honest, and cheerful countenance. His first scene, that in which he rehearses his message to *Alcmena*, was played with genuine humour. The way, also, in which he catechised *Mercury* touching his behaviour during the battle, was exceedingly droll; whilst his manner of walking round the imposter, and, after examining him from head to foot with his lantern, then exclaiming, "he is damnable like me, that's certain," drew down the applause of the whole house. His scene with *Amphitryon* was likewise well played; and in his argument *pro* and *con* respecting the dinner and the beating he was no less comical and entertaining. His exertions throughout the evening seemed indeed to have been duly appreciated by the audience; and we have no doubt, could characters be written for him ("but there's the rub"), that he would become as popular as any of our most favoured actors. Harley played "the god of small wares and fripperies"—of

pedlars and pilferers," and played it well. There is a constant flow of animal spirits about this performer, with which it is impossible to be otherwise than pleased; and from the kind attention he evidently paid to the new comer, we shall pronounce him to be as good-hearted as he is good-humoured. *Jupiter* was well acted by Cooper; but the part is a very bad one. *Amphitryon* not so well by Archer—he appeared to be imperfect. *Alcmena* found a pleasing representative in Mrs. West; and *Phadra* an admirable one in Mrs. Davison. The dresses were of the best kind, and we should imagine classically correct; but the scenery, though splendid, was inappropriate, and badly worked:—no less than twice did the lamp-lighter forget to illuminate the moon. A prologue was spoken by Mr. Wallack, which was well received.

Since the writing of this notice, the piece has been much curtailed, and played in consequence with better success.

## COVENT GARDEN.

Ox Wednesday evening *Deaf and Dumb* was revived at this theatre. This play, upon its first introduction amongst us, from the strong interest of the story, and the fine acting of Kemble, Wroughton, and Miss Decamp, attained a high degree of popularity; and it is now, in many of its characters, so ably filled, that we doubt not of its once more engaging, to a considerable extent, the attention of the public. *De l'Épée*, a character to which the late Mr. Kemble imparted so much consequence, is now in the hands of Mr. Young: but, with all the respect we entertain for the talents of this gentleman and his general professional attainments, we must confess that, in our view, his performance of it falls something short, not only of our expectations, but of his own established reputation. The fault we have to find with it is that which applies to all his old men—it wants dignity and grace. He gives us the idea, certainly, of a very worthy and benevolent man; but, either owing to the gait which he assumes, or to a loose and familiar tone of speaking, which he seems to consider as the constant attendant of senility, he fails to impress us with sufficient respect and veneration. In other points, however, there is much to praise—as in the passages of interest and feeling he was all that we could expect or desire. *D'Arlemon*, which, by the way, is the best part in the play, was elegantly dressed and finely acted by Mr. Warde. This gentleman, we are glad to see, is getting rid of some peculiarities of manner which we feared would have stood in the way of his advancement, and is, in truth, a great and valuable acquisition to the company. C. Kemble resumed his original character of *St. Alme*, and looked as young and as handsome as ever; and Mrs. Glover and Mr. Blanchard were greatly and most deservedly applauded in *Madame Fernel* and *Dominiqne*. Of Miss J. Scott, generally so engaging, and always so pretty, it grieves us to speak in terms of displeasure—but she is totally unfit for *Julio*; her pantomime may be called clever, but her face is deficient in expression—there is not a sufficient flexibility of feature to convey the emotions of a dumb boy's mind, and her action is by far too rapid and redundant. With such actresses in the theatre in this particular line as Mrs. Chatterly and Mrs. Vining, we are surprised at the present cast; more particularly as Miss Scott is much too childish in appearance to pass for the cousin of C. Kemble, of the same age, and the preserver of his

life. The play has been well and carefully got up, and was honoured at the conclusion with great applause.

An English theatre in Paris has been spoken of; but, except agitating a plan of this kind, we believe that no plan has been adopted or acted upon.

### VARIETIES.

**Knowledge of Life.**—Among the announcements in the Paris Journals of the arrival of eminent persons at Calais from Dover, is that of "M. Spratt, Lord-maire du Chateau so rendant à Boulogne." Exquisite! See *Journal de Paris*, Nov. 15th.

**Platinum.**—A rich mine of platinum has, it is said, been discovered in Colombia. The principal supply of this metal heretofore has been from the Ural Mountains in Russia, and the washing of various alluvial soils.

**The Novel and Curious Manufacture.**—Upon this subject, described in our No. 512, we have received the following interesting letter:

—As no one will deny that mankind is indebted to the labour of insects for many of the necessities and luxuries of life, from which even our revenue derives no small advantage, it is not a little surprising that a knowledge of that class of animals (or of entomology, to speak more scientifically) should have been, until within a few years, very much neglected in this country. The interesting volumes of the Introduction to Entomology, by gentlemen whose scientific knowledge and established characters gave authority to their writings, have however dissipated the clouds that overshadowed the student; and in opening the door to the investigation of nature, they have overturned the prejudices and vulgar errors which ignorance had so long cherished. The pleasure I derived from the perusal of M. Habenstreet's account of a novel and curious manufacture, published in the 718th page of the *Literary Gazette*, has led me to make these remarks; and, after correcting an error in the name, I shall proceed to give a short account of the insect alluded to,—that every one may be able to detect it; and as it is an inhabitant of our island, the same experiments may be made here as at Munich; and I do not doubt, by following the instructions M. Habenstreet has given, they will be attended with equal success. *Tinea padella* of Linnaeus and other authors, called in this country the common *ermine moth*, first attracts our notice by the webs which these gregarious caterpillars make in our gardens and hedges during the early part of the summer, forming as it were a tent over themselves, which at once protects them from the sun, rain, and the attacks of ichneumons, (four winged flies, that deposit their eggs in caterpillars,) and afterwards envelopes their cocoons, in which the chrysalides are enclosed that are to produce in a short period the moths, the perfect insect. The caterpillars are more than half an inch long, naked, like maggots, of a gray colour, spotted with black, the moth is about three-quarters of an inch wide when the wings are expanded, of a lead colour, the upper ones having near thirty minute black spots scattered over each. The fruit trees in our gardens, and even the hedges, are sometimes entirely despoiled of their foliage by this and another species, which there is little doubt, from their economy being alike, would answer the same purpose for the manufacturing this curious fabric: it is therefore to be hoped, that those who have the opportunity, and are disposed to take advantage of it, will

make experiments, which may with so much facility be prosecuted, greatly to their own amusement, and possibly to the future benefit and emolument of the country.

I have the honour to remain, &c.

JOHN CURTIS.

4, Grove Place, Lisson Grove, 18th Nov. 1836.

[The Editor begs to express his thanks to Mr. Curtis for this communication; and he hopes that many of his readers will keep a sharp look-out for the *Tinea padella*, and send him early specimens of their manufactures.]

Thomas Campbell, the poet, who is a native of Glasgow, has been elected Lord Rector of the University of that city, as the successor of Mr. Brougham. It is a pleasant thing to see a prophet esteemed in his own country.

**Good Ink.**—A recent philosophical publication gives the following recipe for making good ink:—Take 8 oz. of nutgalls in powder; 4 oz. of logwood chips; 4 oz. of sulphate of iron; 3 oz. of gum; 3 oz. of gum arabic in powder; 1 oz. of sulphate of copper;  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of sugar candy. Boil the galls and logwood together in 12 oz. of water for an hour, or till the water has evaporated to 6 oz.; strain the decoction through a hair-sieve of linen cloth, and then add the other ingredients, stirring them well together till the whole is dissolved, especially the gum: leave the liquor twenty-four hours to subside, then pour off the supernatant liquor and bottle it, corking it well: it is now fit for use.—We dare say the ink must be excellent; but as the materials cost about four shillings, and there is considerable trouble in the manufacturing, is it worth while to obtain a pint of the black liquid by this process?

### HOPE.

..... Spes! .... vale:  
Sat me ludisti. *Gil Blas.*  
..... nec spes jam restat. *Virgil.*  
"Hope is a lovely flower," the minstrel says,  
"That springs eternal," (prettily expressed)  
And draws its votaries on, ardent and gay.  
Through days of lab'ring toil,—nights without rest.  
To pluck its opening bloom, in dazzling colours dressed.  
Now hope's a grasshopper,—that's very clear;  
For breathless I have chased it, many a day,  
Through faded grass, and thorns, and forests drear,  
Of grasp elusive. So, in short, I may  
Assert, that if hope springs—Hee, it springs away!

G. S. W.

\* Ay! Esperanza, ilongera y vana,  
Marchitase tus flores en saliendo,  
Sin hacer fruto. *Figueras.*  
† Spes .... cum sole redit. *Juvenal.*

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Greek Gradus for Schools, by the Rev. J. Brasae, B.D., late Fellow of Trin. Coll. Camb., is in the press.

Sam's Annual Pezage of the British Empire is announced for the new year, in two volumes.

Mr. Jouy is about to produce a new work, entitled *Cecile, or the Passions*.

Announced: Original Tales for Infant Minds; designed as a companion to *Original Poems*.

A work is in the press by the Author of *Consistency, Perseverance, &c.*, entitled *The System: a Tale of the West Indies*.

The Author of the *Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century* announces the *Prophetic Messenger*, with an omnibus Hieroglyphic for 1837. This supercedes the *Prophetic Almanack*, discontinued. Moore still flourishes with awful predictions: this year he warns the Pope of a colic at the fall.

**Polish Periodical Literature.**—Since the year 1819, various causes have occasioned the suppression in the single town of Warsaw, of no less than three scientific, two political, two satirical, seven literary, two law, one musical, one agricultural, and one Jewish, periodical publications. Those which remain are, the *Dziennik Praw*, or Bulletin of the Law; the *Rocznik Krolewskiego Towarzystwa Przyjaciół nauk Warszawskiego*, or Transactions of the Royal Philomatic Society of Warsaw; the *Pamiętnik Umiejętności i Sztuk*, or Memoirs of Science and the Arts; the *Sylwan*, *Dziennik Lesny*, or Forest Journal; the *Dziennik Warszawski*, or Warsaw Journal; the *Izba Polska*, or Polish-lab; the *Rocznik dla Dzieci*, or Children's Magazine; the *Polskie Miesięcznik*, or Polish Miscellany; the *Bibli-*

*Hoteka Polska*, or Polish Library; the *Rozmaitosci Warszawskie*, or Warsaw Miscellany; the *Dziennik Wolewostwa Mazowieckiego*, or Masovian Journal; the *Warszauer Abendblatt*, or Warsaw Evening Paper; the *Gazeta Korespondenta*, or Corresponding Gazette; the *Gazeta Warszawska*, or Warsaw Monitor; the *Kuryer Warszawski*, or Warsaw Courier; the *Gazeta Polska*, or Polish Gazette; the *Lutnia*, or Lute; and the *Cesarski Dziennik Rolniczy*, or Ceres, Agricultural Journal.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Last of the Lairds, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Gipsy, a Tale from the German, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Rev. T. C. Boone's Sketches from Life, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Duvill's Speaking Grammar, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Tint's Telescope, 1827, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Apology for the Corn Laws, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Burnett's Reply to the Report on the Cape of Good Hope, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Buckley's Practice of the Marshalsea Court, 8vo. 10s. bds.—Metropolitan Turnpike Act, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Hamilton's Outlines of Midwifery, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Lanc's Introduction to Pharmacology, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Dewhurst's Dictionary of Anatomy, Part 1, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Statutes, 8vo. 7 Geo. IV. 11s. bds.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 16	From 37 to 40.	29.82 to 29.57
Friday .. 17	40. — 48.	29.78 — 29.84
Saturday .. 18	34. — 48.	30.00 — 29.98
Sunday .. 19	41. — 43.	30.06 — 30.10
Monday .. 20	41. — 43.	30.30 — 30.30
Tuesday .. 21	40. — 47.	30.35 — 30.33
Wednesday 22	34. — 48.	30.37 — 30.16

Wind variable. N.E. prevailing. The 16th clear, otherwise generally cloudy, with frequent rain.  
Rain fallen, .475 of an inch.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Parliament having now assembled, and begun the consideration of affairs highly important to the country, we shall take the opportunity of closing the papers on National Policy and Finance. With a very brief conclusion in our next *Gazette*, we shall have laid the broad outline of the plan proposed to ameliorate the condition of the people pretty fully before the public. Of its efficacy we do not entertain the slightest doubt, and we may, hereafter, think it right and patriotic to enforce its claims to attention somewhat more at large; in the mean time we will leave it to make its own impression on the members of the legislature, on ministers, and on the sense of the country.

We see nothing in R. U. to discourage a young writer. Zanzib too late; A. M. (to whom we are sincerely obliged) shall be attended to.

With Y. Y. we cannot yet comply. The Persian Fable is rather too stubborn to be twisted into poetry of a high order: we can hardly adopt it, though it is very good of its kind.

M. of Surrey Street is right. When we wrote the passage he alludes to in our review of Emerson's Greece (24th December, 1825), we were aware of much that has since transpired, to the disgrace of the parties. At his request we repeat the passage in question; though, alas! it can be of little use now, that our voice was raised in time to effect some good, had the disease not been a calous one.—But ere we dismiss the matter altogether, we may be allowed to turn from the foreign tales of Greece to those connected with it at home. What has become of the Greek Committee in London? It never meets: it does nothing. Has the gambling riot of speculation broken it up? and who of its members are to blame? Abominable jobs have been practised with the loan of the Greek securities: the cause has, we suspect, been made bad by the stalking-horse for greedy mercantile and private aims; and a country risked, if not sacrificed, for the gain of pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is absolutely intolerable to be informed as we are last MSS.: we have thought of hiring that big new building in Regent's Park, which Mr. Horner is to shew London in, for a repository, and have a regular establishment of keepers; but us in the meantime, to our dear correspondents let us say, "Put a little sugar in the ink, which will make your lines sweeter, and easier to be transferred: let your laundry-maid, if you have one, if not, do it yourself, put an iron to heat, and by the time it is too hot to bear the hand, damp a sheet of copying paper; lay your written sheet upon it, and over that either a piece of linen, cotton, or paper: pass the iron regularly over all parts twice or thrice,—and you will find a perfect copy of your precious composition, by which means you may defy the devil and all his works, in the shape of editors, printers, and publishers, who frequently lay off (at least we have found it so) the principal beauties of your compositions, so that now you will have them in the slip."  
RACERUS.—For the last word in the poem entitled *Skeletons*, in our last, read, "We have had the mistake of a night for a comedy; but the mistake of a 'day' will not do for a tragic composition."



## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

**THE GALLERY** continues open with the Collection of Pictures from Carlton Palace, which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Directors to exhibit. Admission, from Ten till Five o'clock, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Cambridge University Almanack.

This day is published, price 5s. 6d. elegantly engraved on

**THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ALMANACK** for the Year 1867, containing a correct List of the Heads of Colleges, University Officers, Professors, Terms, Remarkable Days, &c. &c.; ornamented with a View of the King's Court, Trinity College, taken expressly for this Almanack, and engraved in a superior style, by Hooley and Tingle. Printed for Deighton and Sons, Cambridge; sold by Messrs. Longman and Co. Paternoster Row; also by Sutcliff and Co. and by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Court, London.

A few Proofs of the View, taken off on India paper, price 2s. to be had of the Publishers.

Twenty-Six Views of the different Colleges, engraved for the Cambridge Almanack, from 1800 to 1856, may be had, price 2s. 6d. each.

**THE MONTHLY AND EUROPEAN**

MAGAZINE for December, New Series, No. XII. will contain the following Articles:—

Ireland in 1866—Village Sketches, No. VI.; a New Married Couple, by Miss Mitford—Life Insurance; the Dwelling and Suicide Classes—Songs of a Summer's Night—King's and Company's Troops in India—A Voice from the Departed—British Travellers in America—The Seven Ages—Navigation Laws—The Queen of Prussia—The Chronology—The Chronology—Letter from London on Affairs in general—Literary and Scientific Intelligence—Reviews of Malcolm's History of India—O'Connell's Memoirs—Tor Hill—Götting's German Stories, &c. The Theatre—Music—Travellers' Promotions—Medical, Agricultural, Commercial, and Meteorological Reports—Bankruptcies—Marriages—Deaths—Provincial Intelligence, &c. &c. Published by G. B. Whittaker, Ave Maria Lane.

Of whom also may be had,

**La Belle Assemblée** for December, containing a highly-finished Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Rodney, engraved by Thomson, from a Painting by—Pickersill, R.A.; this being the Twenty-Fourth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility. The Work consists of three Sheets royal 8vo. Letter-press, of Tales, Sketches of Character, Notices of New Books, Music, the Drama, Exhibitions, &c.; and besides the superb Portraits, contains two full-length Female Figures, in fashionable Costume, appropriately coloured. Price 2s. Proof Impressions of the Portraits, on India paper, may be had of M. Colnaghi, 25, Cockspur Street.

This day is published, in 1 vol. 4to. price 2l. 2s. boards,

**THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH** comprising the Political History of the commencement of the English Reformation; being the First Part of the Modern History of England.

By SHARON TURNER, F.R.S. R.A.L. Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

**The History of the Anglo-Saxons**, from their first Appearance in Europe to the end of their Dynasty in England; comprising the History of England from the earliest Period to the Norman Conquest. Edited by G. B. Whittaker, R.S.

**The History of England during the Middle Ages**, comprising the Reigns from William the Conqueror to the accession of Henry VIII., and also the History of the Literature, Poetry, Religion, the progress to the Reformation, and of the Language of England during that Period. 2d. Edition, in 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. boards.

The London Dispensary, 1826.

This day is published, in 1 large vol. 8vo. of upwards of 1000

pages, 15s. boards, greatly improved, a 4th Edition of

**THE LONDON DISPENSARY**

containing—1. The Elements of Pharmacy—2. The Botanical Description, Natural History, Chemical Analysis, and Medicinal Properties, of the Substances of the Materia Medica. The Pharmaceutical Preparations and Compositions of the latest Editions of the Pharmacopoeias of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Colleges of Physicians. The whole forming a practical Synopsis of Materia Medica, Pharmacy, and Therapeutics; illustrated with many useful Tables and Plates of Pharmaceutical Apparatus, and Synonyms of the Names of the Articles of the Materia Medica, by the Pharmaceutical Preparations, in almost every spoken Language.

By ANTHONY TODD THOMSON, M.D. F.R.S. Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Just published by the same Author,

**Lectures on the Elements of Botany**; containing the Descriptive Anatomy of those Organs on which the Growth and Preservation of the Vegetable depend. In 12v. 12s. 6d. boards, with Plates and numerous Woodcuts.

In 3 vols. 8vo. with Portraits, price 35s.

**THE LIFE AND TIMES OF FREDERICK**

REYNOLDS (the Dramatist).

Written by HIMSELF.

Comprising numerous Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons, Royal, Political, Fashionable, Literary, and Musical. In addition to much substantial matter, Reynolds had in the "written traces of his brain," a vast variety of pleasant recollections, conversation and personal observations, and ultra-sensational, of which he "would have been the cruelest he alive" to leave the world no copy; and he may be considered as the restitutory legacy, and "only surviving representative" of the Miles Peier Andrews, the Tophams, and other rambling, lively, farcical, green-room-dangling men of the last century. Monthly Review.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 5, New Burlington Street.

Abernethy on the Digestive Organs, &amp;c.

This day is published, in 8vo. price 5s. boards, a new

**SURGICAL OBSERVATIONS** on the Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases, and on Aneurisms, including Directions for the Treatment of Disorders of the Digestive Organs.

By JOHN ABERNETHY, F.R.S.

Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's and Christ's Hospitals, &amp;c. &amp;c.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

1. On Diseases resembling Syphilis, and on the Urethra. 6s.

2. On Injuries of the Head, and Miscellaneous Subjects. 7s.

3. On Lumbar Abscesses and Tumours. 6s.

The whole of the above may be had in 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. 7s. boards.

4. Physiological Lectures, addressed to the College of Surgeons, complete in 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. boards.

5. On Gall and Spurzheim's Physiognomy, &c. price 3s.

Miss A. M. Porter's New Novel.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo. price 12s. 4s. boards,

**HONOR O'HARA. A Novel.**

By MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

1. Village of Mariendort. 4 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d. boards.

2. Past of St. Magdalen. 3 vols. 2d. Edit. 8 vols. 12s. 6d.

3. The Knight of St. John. 3d. Edition, 8 vols. 12s. 6d.

4. Recede of Norway. 2d. Edition, 4 vols. 12s. 6d.

5. Hungarian Brothers. 4th. Edition, 3 vols. 12s. 6d.

6. Don Sebastian. 3 vols. A new Edition, 12s. 6d.

7. Roche Blanche. 3 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d.

8. Tales round a Winter Hearth. By Jane and Anna Maria Porter. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d. boards.

Practical Medical Books, Printed for Thomas and George Underwood, 39, Fleet Street.

Dr. Paris on Diet.

**A TREATISE ON DIET**; with a view to establish, on Practical Grounds, a System of Rules for the Prevention and Cure of the Diseases incident to a disordered State of the Digestive Functions.

By J. A. PARIS, M.D. F.R.S.

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &amp;c. &amp;c.

In 8vo. price 12s. 6d.

Dr. Philip on Indigestion.

**A Treatise on Indigestion and its Consequences**, called Nervous and Bilious Complaints, with Observations on the Organic Diseases which they sometimes terminate.

By A. P. W. Philip, M.D. 5th. Edition, with Additions, 8vo. price 12s.

Gray's Supplement to the Pharmacopoeia.

2d. Edition, improved and greatly enlarged, being a Treatise on Pharmacology in general, including the Drugs and Compounds which are used by Practitioners of Medicine; also, those which are sold by Chemists, Druggists, and Herbalists, for other purposes; with a Collection of the most useful Medical Formulas, an Explanation of the Contractions used by Physicians and Druggists, and a very copious Index, English and Latin, of the Names by which the Articles have been known at different Periods. By Samuel H. Gray, Esq. 12s. price 14s.

The present Edition contains a large Collection of the most approved Horse and Cattle Medicines and Perfumery.

By the same Author,

Elements of Pharmacy, and Chemical History of the Materia Medica, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Fifth Edition, including the Alterations in the New London Pharmacopoeia, with an Appendix on Poisons, a Selection of Antepoisonous Prescriptions, and an Analysis of Mineral Waters.

A Conspectus of the Pharmacopoeias of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Colleges of Physicians; being a Practical Compendium of Materia Medica and Pharmacy. By Anthony Todd Thomson, F.R.S. &c. Price 6s. a Pocket Edition.

Formulary for the Preparation and Mode of Employing several new Remedies, namely Morphine, Iodine, Quinine, Cinchona, the Hydrocyanic Acid, Narcotine, Strychine, Nux Vomica, Emmeline, &c. &c. Translated from the 4th. Edition, by G. T. Hudson and R. Dunglison, M.D. In 12mo. price 6s. 6d. in boards.

Recommending Fuel and Preventing Smoke.

The Theory and Practice of Warming and Ventilating Public Buildings, Dwelling-Houses, and Conservatories; including a Description of all the known Varieties of Stoves, Grates, and Furnaces, with an Examination of their comparative Advantages for Economizing Fuel and Preventing Smoke. Illustrated by numerous Copper-plates and Wood Engravings. 8vo. Price 10s. boards.

Medical Jurisprudence.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, systematically arranged, and applied to British Practice; intended for the Use of Magistrates, Coroners, Barristers, Medical Practitioners, and Jurymen. By John Gordon Smith, M.D. Lecturer on Political Medicine. 2d. Edition, greatly enlarged and improved. 8vo. price 16s.

By the same Author,

An Analysis of Medical Evidence, comprising Directions for Practitioners in the View of becoming Witnesses in Courts of Justice; and an Appendix of Professional Testimony. 8vo. price 12s.

This day, in post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**ROUGH NOTES** taken during some rapid

Journeys across the Pampas and among the Andes.

By CAPTAIN FRANCIS BOND HEAD,

The Commissioner of the Rio Plata Mining Association.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This day is published, in royal 4to. price 7s.

**ROBINSON'S ORNAMENTAL**

R. VILLAS, No. X. containing a Design in the Style of Building of the Period of Elizabeth.

The prior Numbers consist of Designs in the Grecian, Pædonian, Swiss, Italian, Castellated, Old English, and Roman Styles.

London: Printed for James Carpenter and Son, Old Bond Street.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

In 1 vol. 4to. price 3s. 6d. a 2d. Edition of

Rural Architecture; or, a Series of Designs for Ornamental Cottages, Lodges, Dairies, &c. &c.

Every Saturday is published, in Numbers, price 6d. or in monthly Parts, price 6s. each, containing 64 Columns of closely-printed, Letter-press, and embellished with Engravings.

**THE MIRROR OF LITERATURE,**

AMUSEMENT, and INSTRUCTION, containing Original Essays—Historical Narratives—Biographical Notices—Sketches of Society—Topographical Descriptions—Novels and Tales—Anecdotes and Men Manners—Poetry, Original and Selected—Choice Extracts from New Works—Spirit of the Public Journals—Discoveries in Arts and Sciences—Domestic Hints, &amp;c. &amp;c.

The Eighth Volume of this highly popular periodical will be complete, and ready for delivery, on December 29th, 1867. Vols. I. to VII. may be had in boards, price 16s. 17s. 6d. or half-bound, 2s. 6d. embellished with Portraits, Autographs, and nearly 300 other Engravings.

The spirit with which the 'Mirror' is edited, and the judgment displayed in making the selection, deserve the encouragement we believe it has experienced.—*Literary Gazette*, May 18, 1867.

The Mirror, a publication containing much matter of improving amusement, selected with very considerable taste. I understand that of some Parts upwards of eighty thousand were printed.—*Practical Observations on the Education of the People*, by Henry Brongham, Esq. M.P.

Limber's British Novellist.

Now publishing in Parts, price 6d. each, embellished with Engravings.

The following Novels are already published:—

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, price 10s.

The Mysteries of Udolpho, price 3s. 6d.

Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, price 6s.

Rasselas, by Dr. Johnson, price 8d.

Paul and Virginia. Price 6d.

The Old English Baron, price 6d.

The Castle of Otranto, price 6d.

The Romance of the Forest, price 1s. 8d.

Almoram and Hamet, price 6d.

Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia, price 6d.

Lady Julia Manderville, price 10d.

Nature and Art, by Mrs. Inchbald, price 8d.

Pompey the Little, price 8d.

Julia de Roubigne, price 8d.

The Italian. By Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, price 3s.

A Simple Story, by Mrs. Inchbald, price 12s.

The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, by Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, price 6d.

The Sicilian Romance, price 1s.

Zeluco, by Dr. Moore, price 1s.

The Man of the World, price 1s.

Humphry Clinker, price 2s.

Four Volumes of the British Novellist are complete, and may be had in boards, price 2s. each.

Vols. I. and II. comprise the whole of Mrs. Radcliffe's Romances.

"These works are really respectably got up; and the plan well deserves encouragement."—*Literary Gazette*.

Limber's British Novellist.

Printed uniformly with the British Novellist,

Goldsmith's Essays, price 8d.

Dr. Franklin's Essays, price 1s. 2d.

Bacon's Essays, price 8d.

Salmagundi, price 1s. 8d.

Plutarch's Lives, in 2 vols. price only 13s. boards, or half-bound, 16s. embellished with 35 Portraits.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments, in 1 vol. price only 6s. 6d. boards, or half-bound, 8s. embellished with nearly 150 Engravings.

The Tales of the Genii, embellished uniformly with the Arabian Nights', price only 2s.

Cowper's Poems, with 12 Engravings and a Portrait, price only 2s. 6d.

The Cabinet of Curiosities; or, the Wonders of the World Displayed. Embellished with 27 Engravings, price 3s. boards, or half-bound, 4s. 6d.

Cook's Voyages. Embellished with 28 Engravings, and Portraits, price 7s. 6d. or half-bound, 8s.

J. Limber, Printer and Publisher, 145, Strand, opposite Somerset House, London.

